

# POEMS AND HYMNS

BY  
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## PREFACE

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The poems and hymns contained in this little volume are published in the hope that they will not prove unacceptable. Several of them represent odds and ends of time. The poems on May, June and July are not of a religious character to any extent.

The author is satisfied that his compositions contain germs of truth, and prays for God's blessing on his humble effort.

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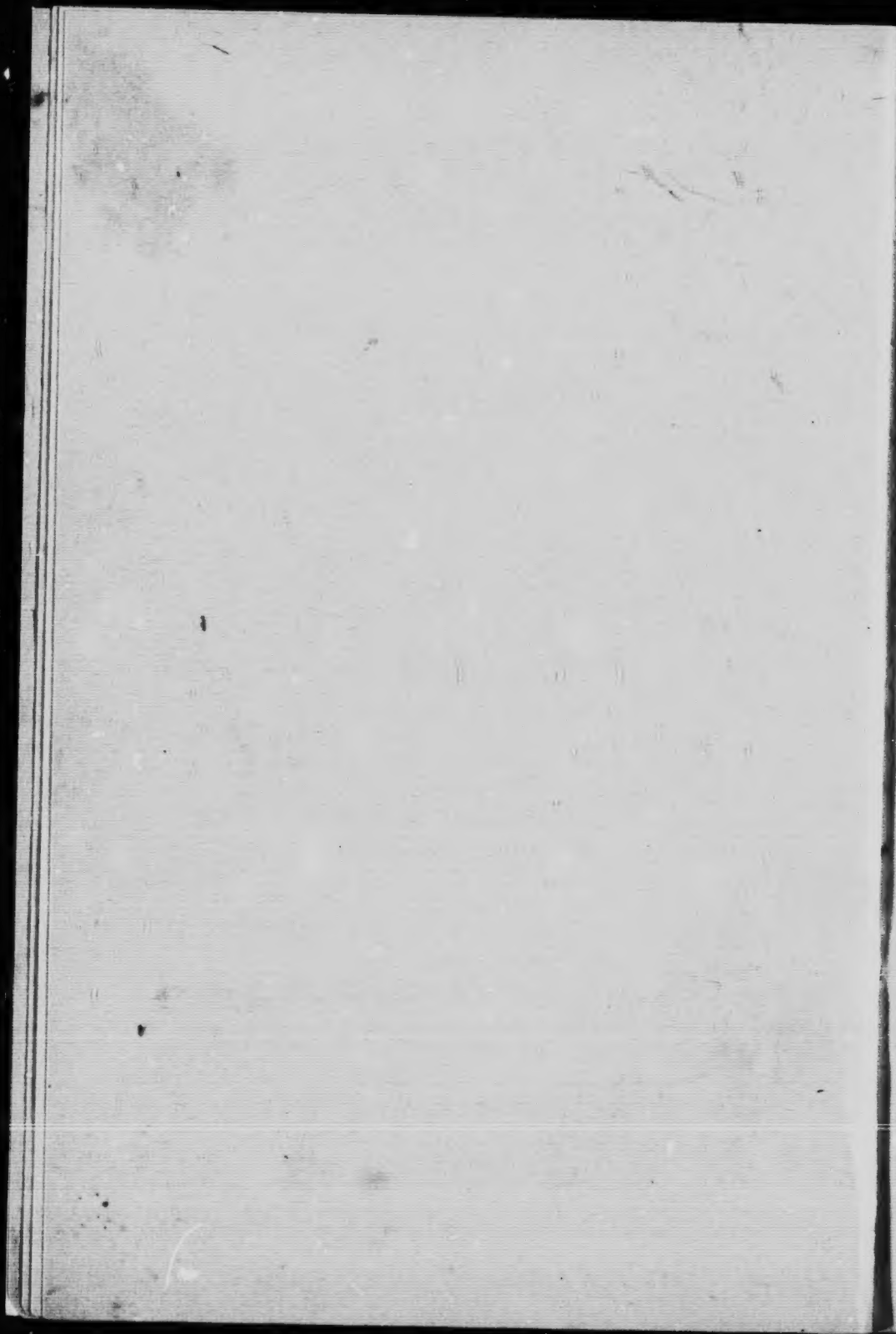
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POEMS





## Poems

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### REGENERATION.

Jno. iii.: 1-13.

#### I.

**O**NCE a learned Jewish Rabbi came to Christ  
In the lone, silent watches of the night ;  
He came to Him alone while others slept,  
Regardless of his sleep and needful rest.

He was a Pharisee of high renown,  
Proud of his sect, phylacteries, and gown ;  
But something new he would from Jesus hear,  
Which does from Nicodemus' speech appear.

High was his seat in the Sanhedrim hall,  
Where aged Rabbis heard him, each and all,  
Exound the sacred records of the law,  
While thousands held their breath in silent awe.

The crowd that gathered in the city gate,  
As he approached, would here and there escape ;  
And for a while deep silence reigned around ;  
Princes and elders ceased to speak aloud.

Among the nobles he was not the least,  
But placed in seat of honour at the feast ;  
He's welcome in the home and in the hall ;  
On high occasions the observed of all.

Why he came at this unusual hour  
I cannot say, for 'tis above my power ;  
The Word of God throws not on it the light,  
But is completely silent on this point.

Many are the opinions men advance,  
Some one of which is likely right perchance ;  
Although of none we can be very sure,  
But leave a choice, kind reader, unto you.

Some think the man was busy through the day,  
And that things many did his mind engage ;  
That other things had kept his mind employed,  
When he would have Christ's company enjoyed.

Of the great Sanhedrim he was afraid,  
Is what some others on this point have said ;  
That he thought the Council might him despise,  
And this his action sorely criticise.

But others think he was of Christ ashamed,  
And so he for the hour of night had stayed ;  
In His company he would not be seen,  
As other aristocrats had not been.

Many others are inclined to believe  
That he came good instruction to receive,  
When the multitude which followed by day  
Had from our blessed Lord removed away.

This seems, indeed, the likeliest to me,  
Although some others in this way can't see ;  
More than one thing on his mind may have wrought,  
And he by them at last to Christ was brought.

But that thus he came to seek salvation,  
Is what some advance for an opinion ;  
But it is quite plain he felt no such need,  
And that this was not what he came to seek.

He knew that Abram was his relation ;  
To this the Jews trusted for salvation ;  
Also he had received circumcision,  
And this was something good in addition.

He was a man of candid, noble mind,  
And in his speech appears sincere and kind :  
He acknowledged that Christ was come from God,  
And was some great expounder of the law.

He owned that His miracles were Divine,  
Most marvellous, glorious, and sublime ;  
That His power was direct from Heaven,  
And had to Him by the Lord been given.

He was civil and courteous in his way,  
And did not come the Saviour to ensnare ;  
He was not like the other Pharisee  
Who if he could ensnare Him came to see.

Yet he saw not in Him the Son of God,  
But a prophet or teacher of the law ;  
He, indeed, denied His Divinity,  
And left Him only grand humanity.

Jesus to him at once did plainly say,  
Truly, truly, man must be born again ;  
Or the Kingdom of God he cannot see  
Or an inheritor of it e'er be.

This, however, Nicodemus thought absurd,  
Such thing had ne'er to him at all occurred ;  
He thought it meant second natural birth,  
And that ne'er such a thing could be on earth.

Such language was to him dark as midnight ;  
He could not see through it a ray of light ;  
All was to his mind meaningless and dark,  
And then of common sense without a spark.

For such instruction he had ne'er received,  
Though he was in the highest schools degreed,  
And Rabbis in theology profound  
The law and prophets did to him expound.

Christ saw that Nicodemus was amazed,  
And then in love His words to him explained :  
He tried to make His doctrine plain and clear  
To ev'ry one that had a listening ear.

Of water and spirit you born must be,  
Or a place in Heaven you can't receive ;  
For that glorious place you must prepare,  
Or you can never get an entrance there.

That which is born of the flesh is corrupt,  
And must be from your nature rooted up ;  
For your soul entirely is corrupted ;  
By sin it is through and through polluted.

Many sad errors on this point obtain :  
Some think that holy waters life contain ;  
They think that water sprinkled by the priest  
Will make them, soul and body, pure as Christ.

And others try old Adam to improve,  
While they on their own graceless course pursue ;  
They trust to the good deeds themselves can do ;  
And thus, indeed, there perish not a few.

The Roman Catholics sincerely think,  
When holy water is applied by priest,  
That they have at once the required new birth,  
And that conferred upon them by their Church.

Some Protestants into grave errors fall  
On this subject, most important of all ;  
And thus they mistake the right way to Heav'n,  
Who will at last be from God's presence driv'n.

Some think the new birth is an impression ;  
While others think it is mere profession ;  
Many others think 'tis reformation,  
And such things they call Regeneration.

All these are good, indeed, in their own place,  
And are truly helpful when there is grace ;  
But if substituted for the New Birth,  
Instead of blessing they become a curse.

Those are saved who look to the Cross alone ;  
There from the Saviour does salvation flow ;  
It was there that my heavy burden fell,  
And this I now to you in kindness tell.

Marvel not, said Christ, at what I have said,  
For mankind all by Satan are enslaved ;  
Over man's mind he now has perfect sway,  
And rules him altogether his own way.

If you could only look into your heart  
And could there learn for yourself what thou art,  
You would then in your mind be satisfied  
That this great change is certainly required.

Now, my kind reader, this applies to you  
As well as it did to the noble Jew,  
Unless you are already changed by grace  
And to the Heav'nly city is your face.

This Nicodemus felt a little tart  
Expecting to be complimented back ;  
This is all human nature since the fall,  
In high and low, in rich and poor, in all.

No flattering compliments Christ would give,  
Nor would He Himself any such receive ;  
No honor would He ever take from men,  
Nor vain honor would He e'er give to them.

He spoke truth without respect of persons,  
And this on men's minds made deep impressions ;  
Hypocrites by Him sharply were rebuked,  
While humble souls were comforted and soothed.

Nicodemus ne'er heard so strange a thing  
As the words of Christ to his ears did bring ;  
'Twas to him a thing new altogether,  
Which he had ne'er heard from any other.

Then to Christ he said, How can these things be?  
They are most marvellous and strange to me;  
How can a man be born the second time  
When he is up in years and past his prime?

The Pharisee was but a carnal man,  
Who the spiritual things could not scan;  
The spiritual things he could not see  
Because the Spirit he did not receive.

An instructor of the people was he;  
Which was the very thing he should not be;  
How can a man teach what he does not know?  
And what he has not seen how can he show?

To explain things by him not understood,  
This was what Nicodemus undertook;  
Things which he himself had not known or felt,  
For the love of God his heart did not melt.

For his teaching Christ did him reprehend,  
As such teaching must in disaster end;  
When the blind undertake to lead the blind  
They forthwith in the ditch their place will find.

He was but like clergymen of our day,  
Who, when they're preaching, know not what they say;  
Whose stony hearts have not been changed by grace,  
And who never ran in the Christian race.

Such men as are learned only in the schools,  
In spiritual matters are but fools;  
They understand not further than the law,  
And are but strangers to the things of God.

They make it up by reading ev'ry bard,  
And stealing others' sermons by the yard ;  
Or a light Christless essay they will read,  
Which is but sowing chaff instead of seed.

## II.

Christ said, You must be of the Spirit born,  
If you expect by angels to be borne  
To the bright realms of everlasting bliss,  
Which are forever full of joy and peace.

This meant then that the human soul is dead,  
And needs indeed to be revived to life ;  
That it is dead in trespasses and sin,  
As it has e'er from its creation been.

In the day thou eat'st thereof shalt thou die,  
Was said by God in Eden's Paradise ;  
The primeval pair did thereof partake,  
And thus they both fell from their blest estate.

From henceforth they lost all their love to God,  
And were not gladdened when they heard His word ;  
They hid themselves away behind each tree  
Lest He, the King of Glory, should them see.

Communion with Him was completely lost,  
By them His company no more was sought ;  
Fearing, trembling, from Him they slunk away,  
Disliking that He should a moment stay.

This is what is meant by spiritual death—  
It is a total absence of all love ;  
Love to the God that did us all create,  
And, oh how sad ! to this is added hate.

There is no more communion with the Lord,  
And no delight whatever in His word ;  
This truly is a soul completely dead,  
Without a sign of spiritual life.

But more than this, 'tis totally unclean,  
As it had in its first creation been ;  
Sin is indeed the very filth of hell ;  
No tongue of man its ugliness can tell.

This is what sin our fallen souls has made—  
Whate'er was beautiful is now decayed ;  
The day we from Jehovah did depart,  
Our souls became deformed in ev'ry part.

Our souls lost all created righteousness,  
And of all lusts and sins became the nest ;  
To love and holiness we became dead,  
And wickedness and sin reigned in their stead.

Christ said, You of the water born must be,  
Or you Heavenly glory cannot see ;  
You must by water be made pure and clean,  
Or you can't into Heaven enter in.

That water is of cleansing power possessed,  
Must be by ev'ry candid mind confessed ;  
When to the soiled cloth by men 'tis applied,  
The cloth forthwith 's made clean and purified.

Thus the Holy Spirit purges all sin  
That lodges in the human heart within ;  
Ev'ry particle it will wash away,  
And make it bright and clean as the noonday.

Not a speck of sin will at last remain,  
Nor will it spot or wrinkle still contain ;  
For the alloy of sin is far removed,  
And the old heart by Heav'nly grace renewed.

It is now made new in every part,  
And filled with love and grace that ne'er depart ;  
'Tis now all beautified with light Divine,  
With which it will in splendor ever shine.

It will never more know a night of sin,  
Nor be ever more as it once had been ;  
Its desires are now after all that's good,  
And in the Word of God finds proper food.

As to substance, 'tis the same as before,  
But 'tis changed from the surface to the core ;  
Its ways of thinking are completely new ;  
Of all things now it has a different view.

Once we thought God's ways were hard and unjust,  
Because they would not agree with our lust ;  
Our own way we thought by far was the best,  
For in pleasure and fun, great was our zest.

Our thoughts are now set on the things above,  
Since the day we tasted Heavenly love ;  
We try by grace to walk the narrow way,  
While for all strength on Jesus Christ we stay,

By the Spirit is Regeneration,  
And not by what some call confirmation ;  
By the Spirit 'tis in the soul begun,  
And by the Holy Spirit 'tis all done,

Confirmation strengthens the grace there is,  
But then it causes nothing to exist ;  
Regeneration, on the other hand,  
Causes dead souls to live and understand.

Confirmation as practised by the priest,  
Is but a wicked, cunning Romish trick ;  
They lay their sinful hands upon man's head  
And tell him that he has eternal life ;

That the Holy Spirit comes through their hands  
As soon as the deceptive priest commands ;  
That men the Spirit from their hands derive  
Like electricity upon a wire.

Thus the poor sinner is by them deceived,  
Believing that he has all grace received ;  
And that he surely is a child of God,  
Though he should trample on His holy law.

This they do that they may men hold as slaves,  
And then may govern them in their own ways ;  
That they may be to them obedient,  
And never, never from their rules dissent.

None but Christians can confirmation get,  
And no other has e'er received it yet ;  
And they got it by waiting on the Lord,  
Reading, praying, and trusting in His Word.

Christ finished His own work upon the tree  
Where He suffered and died for you and me ;  
All His sufferings there He did complete  
When He did all the powers of hell defeat.

And now He only pleads our cause on high,  
While here on earth we pray and sin and sigh.  
We of our sins and failings here repent  
While He our cause in Heaven represent.

We have been by Him to God reconciled,  
And by His Spirit we are sanctified ;  
In the Court of Heav'n He is our advocate,  
And by Him is our intercession made.

The Holy Spirit has come down from Heav'n,  
That life and grace might be unto us giv'n ;  
Here He abides until the end of time,  
Performing in our souls a work Divine.

The work of grace by the Spirit is begun,  
And by Him completed in ev'ry one ;  
No one this good work in himself performs ;  
Every effort of his own deforms.

The Spirit first conviction will produce ;  
Pride and conceit to nothing will reduce ;  
Will prove to man that he's entirely lost,  
And that his sins to him will Heaven cost.

He feels then that he's a true heir of hell,  
As sure as the angels that from Heaven fell ;  
That God can him in justice forthwith send  
Into the place where torments have no end.

Every false and lying antidote,  
Which wicked men and Satan did promote,  
Will by the Spirit's power be swept away,  
Not to return for ever and for aye.

And then will Christ them in His arms receive,  
And lasting joy and peace unto them give ;  
He will remove their heavy load of guilt,  
And make them in Heavenly places sit.

First He awakeneth and giveth life  
To souls in trespasses and sins that's dead ;  
And now they understand their former state,  
From which by grace Christ did them elevate.

How they were heirs of everlasting woes,  
Where no one ever pities or consoles ;  
Where the sweet voice of mercy 's never heard,  
And not a ray of light has e'er appeared.

Where lamentations sore and great increase,  
And the lost wicked ne'er have any peace ;  
Where the stinging, gnawing worm dieth not,  
And the quenchless fire is e'er burning hot.

But then my journey here is not yet done ;  
Conversion was my proper life begun ;  
All the years of my graceless life are lost ;  
When I think of them, they but sorrow cost.

Nor am I prepared for the mansions bright,  
That Heav'nly land of glory and delight,  
Where the 'east shade of sin can't enter in,  
Where all are pure, and as the angels clean.

The Holy Spirit's work is to prepare  
And make me ready for an entrance there,  
Destroy in me all the remnants of sin,  
That are still lurking in my soul within.

Now I find that daily I need more grace,  
Lest I should fail in the good Christian race ;  
But all needed strength the Lord will supply,  
And the Holy Spirit will me sanctify.

The Holy Spirit's work will not abate  
Till I enter at the Heavenly gate ;  
'Tis progressive from beginning to end  
Of the new life that we on earth do spend.

He'll continue me to improve each day,  
Little by little, indeed, I will say,  
Until the work He commenced is complete,  
And I can with the angels take my seat.

When converted I was a little child,  
Simple and weak and easily beguiled ;  
I thought that all who professed were sincere,  
And ev'ry one of them to me was dear.

Since I learned that some are mere professors,  
And many in fact cheats and transgressors ;  
That the wheat and tares must grow together  
Till Christ at the judgment day them sever.

But far better experience I had  
With Christians sincere that made me so glad ;  
When we met and Jesus Christ was our theme  
Time passed away soon, and so short did seem.

Without the Spirit all things else will fail ;  
No device of men will o'er sin prevail ;  
Of men's efforts it will get the better,  
And in the end beat them altogether.

Old Adam has grown powerful in wrong,  
And for all reformation proves too strong ;  
All the white-washing done by human skill  
Will not his lusts and angry passions kill.

Nothing will o'ercome him but pow'r Divine,  
He is so subtle and so serpentine ;  
The Comforter alone his power can check,  
And in the struggle break his stubborn neck.

'Tis He only can give him the death-blow,  
And in the human soul can lay him low ;  
For this will ev'ry Christian sing for joy,  
And in God's praise his tongue fore'er employ.

But what of those who will not come to Christ,  
Who'll still continue in their sinful plight,  
Who ne'er at all got any change of heart,  
And ne'er did from their sinful ways depart ?

'Tis impossible that they should be saved,  
Who in their hearts and lives are all depraved,  
Whose ways before the Lord are all unclean,  
Whose souls are full of leprosy of sin.

These, when they die, must take their place in hell  
With the fallen angels that from Heav'n fell ;  
Where burning flames of darkness ever rage,  
And nothing will their pain fore'er assuage.

And there the worm shall never, never die,  
And quenched not will be the burning fire ;  
Where raging flames the sinner's flesh will burn  
In that dire place whence none can e'er return ;

Where the wrath of our God is e'er poured out,  
And where with pain and rage the wicked shout,  
Hurling defiance at the King of Heav'n,  
Who hath their place in justice to them giv'n.

How sad that any of the human race  
Should e'er be sent into that awful place !  
A place which God for Satan did prepare,  
And angels that in his revolt did share.

These are angels who left their first estate,  
And in rebellion did participate ;  
Cast from His throne they would Jehovah down,  
And then forthwith deprive Him of His crown.

These now are all in chains of darkness kept,  
Where of all peace and comfort they're bereft,  
Until the judgment of that last great day,  
When they shall stand before Him in dismay.

All those who in their sinful course persist,  
Who their vile sins and lust will not resist,  
Go where the rich man his eyes opened first,  
Conscious at once of pain and raging thirst.

Seek now, friend, an interest in Christ's blood,  
By which now you can get eternal life,  
By which your sins can all be washed away,  
And you made to rejoice fore'er and aye.

You can, indeed, then comfortably rest  
On God's rich promises, of all things best,  
In peace and gladness you may then proceed  
On life's journey, trusting Him, you'll succeed.

You'll reach at length the glorious, shiny shore,  
Where rest and joy are yours forever more ;  
Where love and happiness fore'er abound,  
And a balm for every wound is found.

There no one ever, ever, shed a tear,  
And the inhabitants shall never fear,  
Where they forever live in joy and peace  
And their happiness shall not know decrease.

'Tis there hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
For there alone is the infinite store ;  
There the Heavn'ly banquet is ever spread  
And the gl<sup>o</sup> throng is bountifully fed.

Their sky is e'er serene and beautiful,  
Their cup of joy and bliss forever full ;  
They have now all that human souls could wish  
In that sweet, lovely, holy place of bliss.

They e'er sing the song of redeeming love,  
In the pure and Heavenly Courts above,  
Where clouds of darkness ne'er their shadows cast,  
But the serene, bright day forever last.

How glorious 'twill be to reign with Christ  
In the sweet realm of everlasting light,  
Where in His presence we shall e'er rejoice,  
While drinking from the rivers of delight.

For which of these places do you prepare ?  
Soon you'll a place in either of them share ;  
You'll soon enjoy such bliss as none can tell,  
Or else be moaning in the depths of hell.

## III.

And now my experience I will tell  
What truly in past years to me befell,  
When in the ways of this world I did go  
And my dear, blessed Saviour did not know.

Although man could lay nothing to my charge  
My heart within was very cold and hard  
Though I behaved as I ought with mankind.  
Christ was not in my heart, but in my mind,

It was in the lovely month of July,  
At Valleyfield, and in Prince Edward Isle ;  
To be plain, I will say a little more—  
'Twas in the year Eighteen Seventy-Four.

When the Communion season did come round,  
Many there were that joy and gladness found ;  
This was then and there the event of the year,  
And many gathered there from far and near.

On preparation day an old man preached,  
And sharp arrows my heart completely pierced ;  
I felt then that I was entirely lost,  
That sin had to me very dearly cost.

His text was Hebrews second, and third verse ;  
The truth to us he clearly did rehearse—  
That if salvation now we will neglect,  
Christ must us at the Judgment Day reject.

John MacTavish was that dear old man's name ;  
'Twas from Ontario to us he came ;  
I've heard since that he has passed to his rest,  
And is now with the army of the blest.

I know that the work of grace was not his ;  
For that alone the Holy Spirit did ;  
But God him honored with the message bright,  
When many were saved from eternal death.

This revival wasn't to one place confined,  
To others it spread out on ev'ry side ;  
From that time many do in Christ rejoice,  
While some have gone to their abode above.

Impressions which in former times I had,  
And for a time made me serious, sad,  
Would vanish away like the early dew,  
Or morning cloud, on which the loud winds blew.

But now a heavy burden on me fell,  
Which, I thought, would soon crush me down to hell ;  
This burden would not from my soul remove,  
Nor knew I then which way for help to move.

I was grieved that salvation I didn't take  
Before I came into this horrid state :  
Oh ! 'twas so sad that mercy had gone by,  
And now, therefore, I in my sins must die.

Then I felt that I was alone to blame,  
Mine only was the fault, the sin, the shame,  
As Gospel opportunities I had,  
But missed salvation notwithstanding that.

Oh ! 'twas so sad to live with the devil,  
Where everyone would be uncivil,  
Where their pleasure is in inflicting pains,  
While they ever live in the fiery flames.

Methinks that the saddest among the lost  
Will be those who had learned and studied most,  
Who, indeed, nearly had Eternal Life,  
But, alas ! ended in the fiery gulf.

At intervals I got a little ease,  
But soon my burden came and did increase ;  
I thought that Satan had me in his power,  
And would me destroy at no distant hour.

My troubles I tried from men to conceal,  
And pretty well, I think, I did succeed ;  
I feared they'd say, The Schoolmaster's crazy,  
By study his mind has become hazy.

My troubles I tried to keep to myself,  
Although, indeed, I very sorely felt ;  
I sometimes took a ramble to the woods,  
Or to the fields, and Nature's beauty viewed.

One night I told how I felt to a friend,  
But my troubles he did not comprehend ;  
And then I thought that no one felt like me,  
And that thus I'd be in eternity.

This I think, my friend, would be hell enough  
To suffer this e'en in the future life ;  
But what must it be when one's cast away  
Where there is not of hope the smallest ray.

In Nature's beauty I no solace found,  
Though ev'rything was beautiful around ;  
Of these I felt that I would think again,  
When in the future world in woe and pain.

Thus I continued until the third day,  
In sore distress, affliction and dismay,  
When I beheld one hanging on a cross ;  
But then I understood not what it was.

But soon I found my burden was removed ;  
The awful phantoms me no more pursued ;  
My guilty fears did all at once subside,  
In their stead joy and peace came to abide.

That day from sore bondage I was set free ;  
'Twas the first day of happiness to me ;  
I was improved in body and in soul,  
When I had passed through all that sea of woe.

Nature seemed now to me so beautiful,  
So peaceful, calm, so bright and clear and new ;  
I felt so happy, cheerful, and so light ;  
The fear of death and hell had taken flight.

I now could love all men more than before,  
And would like to do them good fore'er more ;  
I liked to tell what Jesus for me did,  
And how He saved me from the lowest deep.

Since the Lord Jesus Christ to me appeared,  
I have not to the sinful world adhered ;  
Its ways I now see in the clearest light,  
And are, as viewed in God's Word, dark as night.

But still I find that I am false and vain,  
And that my appetites still need a rein,  
That my vile corruptions still need a check,  
Which thing I at the first did not expect.

The first few days of my new life were sweet,  
And lasted undisturbed about a week ;  
My soul was peaceful, calm and quiet in love ;  
A true, sweet foretaste of the " Life Above."

My joy and gladness were indeed complete ;  
All day and night I'd of the Saviour speak ;  
'Twas joy to talk with those who felt the same ;  
Experience the subject in the main.

We spoke with joy on what we had gone through ;  
All of which was to us so strange and new ;  
As formerly we were not then ashamed ;  
Of man, or devil, we were not afraid.

We were so glad to meet, to sing and pray,  
And did not wish to part, by night or day ;  
Sweet was the name of Jesus to each ear,  
And earnestly we list the more to hear.

Joyful it was to hear one more confess  
What Jesus did for him in his distress ;  
How He from the lowest hell did him save,  
And perfect joy and peace unto him gave.

Things thus, however, did not always last ;  
These joys to great extent did from me pass,  
And I have learned that I must live by faith,  
As the Lord to us in His own Word saith.

We must the Christian battle manly fight,  
Being by Christ with proper armor girt ;  
The wilderness journey now lies before,  
And we must struggle hard till we get o'er.

There are yet many dangers in the way ;  
For all that we must not at all delay,  
Nor must we shrink from what's our duty clear,  
From cowardice, or from some unmanly fear.

I through the ups and downs of life move on  
Pressing towards the Heavenly Zion  
And have not from Grace fallen down as yet,  
Which fact I do not, friend, at all regret.

'Tis true I had my dark and weary days ;  
In this world we can't have them bright always ;  
But dark days in this wilderness we need,  
That we may prayerful and humble keep.

But then refreshing seasons I have had,  
Which made me feel so joyful and so glad ;  
A sweet foretaste of Heaven to me again,  
Which banished all my sorrow and my pain.

The Christian journey is not always gloom  
Like the sad, noisome darkness of the tomb ;  
Bright days of joy and peace to us are given  
Akin to that which they enjoy in Heaven.

But someone will say : Do you expect me  
To have the same experience as thee ?  
Do you think that we should feel all the same  
In every point ? This is what I say :

No, my friend, I said nothing of the kind ;  
But some experience you should have—mind !  
Else you may be but groping like the blind,  
Who the right way can never, never find,

Some think they were converted in their youth,  
And therefore do not know the day or month,  
And how could they know the year and the week?  
Thus they get clear of experience, sleek.

Whether converted in youth or old age,  
The marks of conversion are all the same;  
Such as humility, love, and good will,  
Hatred of sin and everything ill.

The Spirit always doth yield the same fruit  
To all such as converted are in truth;  
Those that love God, His commandments they keep,  
And doing His will is their drink and their meat.

True, one may have been converted in youth,  
But, nevertheless, he's bearing good fruit;  
In this God's children must always agree,  
At whatever age from bondage made free.

Nothing good did we into this world bring,  
Holiness nor love, nor any such thing;  
We're ev'ry one conceived and born in sin,  
And had nothing good with which to begin.

Whate'er is good in man was done by grace  
For nothing good remained in Adam's race;  
Total depravity is sure enough,  
Although many such doctrine will rebuff.

We, who thus believe, God's grace magnify  
Who saved from death and will us glorify  
Who in the dead soul put Heavenly life  
And sanctifies till we're for Heaven ripe,

Imperfect we'll be while we're here below,  
And will be till Christ calls us home to go ;  
Yet in us every grace must be found,  
And there daily must increase and abound.

Christian perfection here, indeed, consist  
In a union with Christ that is complete ;  
In living while we're here a life of faith,  
And walking daily in the narrow way.

I do not like the faith that knows not Christ ;  
For whom you know not, him how can you trust ?  
And him you can't trust, how can you believe,  
Or from him Heav'nly blessings e'er receive ?

Make, friend, your calling and election sure,  
Whatever formalists may say to you ;  
Leave not salvation to uncertainty,  
But make it sure, and you will happy be.

But: someone will say, This how can I do,  
Since the idea is to me quite new ?  
How can I know that I am saved from woe,  
And, when I die, I will to Heaven go ?

Seek the Lord, friend, till you'll know for yourself,  
And then you'll need no one this to you tell ;  
You will be satisfied in your own mind,  
That you salvation for your soul did find.

Read God's Word, earnestly in prayer seek ;  
Be always with those in God's house that meet ;  
Never, never give up in sad despair,  
But keep constantly in earnest prayer.

If a great treasure be hid in a field,  
Would you not seek it, and to nothing yield,  
Until you should the golden treasure get?  
And then your labors you would not regret.

Of all those who have thus salvation sought,  
I never, never knew that one was lost;  
At last they found what they so much desired,  
And then as dross all worldly gain despised.

No one was ever lost before the cross,  
Where Christ our Saviour crucified was;  
For on the cross Christ salvation finished,  
And there, indeed, no soul ever perished.

'Twas there my Saviour's precious blood did flow,  
There that peace through my weary soul did go;  
There go, fellow sinner, and get the same,  
'Tis there that Jesus does the sinner save.

#### IV.

And now, friend, I'll give you a certain mark  
By which you may know what thou truly art;  
For every tree is known by its fruit,  
As God does tell us in His Holy Book.

We will take them one by one as we go;  
See if the Lord did on thee one bestow;  
If you can one of them appropriate,  
Then, indeed, truly happy is your state.

He that's born again hates sin in his heart,  
And seeks from it by God's help to depart;  
He hates the garment spotted by the flesh,  
And seeks the cleansing power each day afresh,

He who is of the Spirit born again,  
Does from deceit and guile his tongue refrain ;  
In the neighborhood's gossip is not joined ;  
His ways and actions are to God resigned.

He who is born again seeks things above ;  
Is attracted upward by Divine Love ;  
His thoughts are fixed on Jesus Christ on high,  
And for that place he often heaves a sigh.

The true Christian loves good and holy men,  
And to their experience adds amen ;  
He always loves to meet with them and chat,  
And all the errors of the day combat.

The new man seeks instruction clear and pure  
Concerning Christ, the faithful and the true ;  
For doctrine men's commandments will not take ;  
He wants such teachings as the Saviour gave.

Humility's of the New Birth a mark ;  
Which but the Holy Spirit did impart ;  
His pride and haughtiness have been brought down ;  
Of men he neither seeks praise nor renown.

He is a man of pure and holy life,  
Who will not mingle in unholy strife ;  
In conversation he is plain and clear ;  
His words and actions to believers dear.

Deliverance he has got from the Lord,  
Such as no one else but Him could afford ;  
He took him from the sad pit of despair,  
And put his feet upon a rock so fair.

The new man is a man of growing faith,  
Faith in all that Jesus unto us saith ;  
Though in himself he has many a doubt,  
Yet he believes the Bible all throughout.

He knows his spiritual wants himself,  
For they are daily by him keenly felt ;  
He sighs for the perfection of a saint,  
But feels indeed that he is weak and faint.

I'll now say something of the man renewed  
As he is in the Word of God reviewed ;  
His character is described in Holy Writ,  
His virtues and his failings ev'ry whit.

In him is found the Spiritual mind,  
And with it ev'ry other grace combined,  
Shining out beautifully in his life,  
And preparing him for Heaven above.

The new man and God have been reconciled ;  
Before man by wicked acts God defied  
And God was with *him* angry every day  
And beheld him at distance far away.

He has now blessed communion with his God,  
And takes much pleasure in His Holy Word ;  
He's passed from death unto Eternal Life,  
And is now daily walking in the Light.

Of the renewed man God is the defence ;  
With slavish fear therefore he can dispense ;  
His trust is under the Almighty's wing ;  
He then can sit complacently and sing.

A place is reserved for him in Heaven,  
Which by the Lord Jesus will be given ;  
The beauty of that place our thoughts transcend ;  
Its glories now we cannot comprehend.

Of its songs of joy we had but foretaste ;  
We'll have the fulness in the future state ,  
Where all our pow'rs forever we will employ  
In singing Hallelujahs loud with joy.

Now, friend, in closing, let me give a hint,  
Lest you a grievous error should commit ;  
When at first troubles in your soul begin,  
When you feel something sore and sad within,

You may likely go to someone for help,  
And tell him such things as are by you felt,  
Thinking that by him you may comfort get,  
And by him to the way of peace be led.

But should you, dear friend, to the graceless go,  
They will be apt to bring upon you woe ;  
They'll try to soothe your mind and give you ease,  
By crying Peace ! peace ! when there is no peace.

The way of salvation they do not know,  
How then can they the right road to you show ?  
They are themselves but groping in the dark,  
And of the Heavenly light have not a spark.

A minister may loud the Gospel preach,  
Who is himself an educated cheat ;  
When those blind guides the way to others teach,  
They will at last both fall into the ditch.

But 'tis not ministers alone that's blind ;  
Many others are of as dark a mind,  
Who speak of Jesus with a flippant tongue,  
As light as if they sung an idle song.

Some men will boldly of salvation speak,  
Just like a rustic talking about Greek ;  
Who, not knowing the alphabet of it,  
Tries to explain to others what it is.

But if you go to those that know the way,  
You will get some benefit, I dare say ;  
They'll help to lead you to the cross of Christ,  
Where they lost all their burden at the first.

Your burdens they themselves will not remove,  
For they know that this would destructive prove,  
That none but Jesus must your burden ease,  
That none but He can give you lasting peace.

More than to men you must to Jesus look ;  
He it is from the pit my soul that took ;  
You go to Him then at the cross, my friend ;  
Where of my filthy sins he made an end.

There you'll find the peace you so much desire,  
For there our blessed Saviour did expire,  
And there He bore our sins upon the tree,  
When He laid down His life for you and me.

'Tis from the cross salvation flows to all,  
And there the sinful burdens all must fall ;  
When there a glimpse of Jesus you will get,  
Your load of guilt is there forever left.

There the new song into your mouth is put,  
When first your heart with joy and peace is full,  
When all your happiness you can't express  
Because of joyfulness in the excess.

When the starry Heavens shall have grown old,  
And God shall have them as a vesture fold,  
Then you shall the redemptive song prolong  
In Heaven with the glorified throng.

Now, dear friend, that Christ by grace did you save,  
And such great joy and peace unto you gave,  
Do what you can others to lead to Christ,  
That they also may be saved by His grace.

Others salvation need as much as you,  
And it will the same joys to them procure ;  
Take then compassion on the perishing ;  
Tell of the love Christ for them's cherishing.

Tell them how ready He is to forgive,  
If they believe in Him th' they ever live ;  
And they shall never, ne' the death,  
For He'll bestow on them Eternal Life.

The best way our own talents to increase,  
Is to put in the bank what we receive,  
Employ our time and opportunity  
In doing good to such as needy be.

There are two great needs in this world of ours,  
Those of the bodies and those of the souls ;  
The gracious must be helpful unto both,  
But principally to that of the soul.

Those who will many to salvation lead  
Shall here receive such blessings as they need ;  
In Heaven be beautified with Light Divine,  
Like the stars in the firmament that shine.

When their pilgrimage here draws to an end,  
The Lord will a convoy of angels send,  
To convey them to His Heavenly Land,  
Where they will in immortal beauty stand.

There dressed in garments whiter than the snow,  
Joy, love, and peace through all their nature flow ;  
Of former troubles they will never think,  
While from the river of delights they drink.

With loved ones there they will forever join,  
And joyfully shall sing the Song Divine,  
Ascribing praises to the Trinity,  
During the ages of Eternity.

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### THE JUDGMENT DAY.

Matt. xxv.: 31-46.

**T**HE Judgment Day is drawing nigh,  
When Christ shall be revealed on high  
Among the clouds of Heaven bright,  
As when He was received up.  
In like manner He'll come again  
Surrounded with a fiery flame ;  
And angels brighter than the day,  
His commands waiting to obey.

The saints shall then in glory shine  
In garments of the Light Divine,  
As they with Jesus Christ appear  
Shining like the noon sun so clear,  
Their countenances full of joy,  
Their happiness without alloy :  
The day they waited for has come  
When justice to them will be done.

The trumpet's sound on earth is heard,  
And all that are in graves awaked ;  
They arise up again to life,  
Who once had mingled in the strife ;  
But now, regardless of the past,  
Their eyes upon the Judge are cast,  
Who sits upon the Judgment Throne,  
To give his due to ev'ry one.

The great white Throne is now revealed,  
And all the wicked's doom is sealed ;  
Jesus has come to the Judgment,  
To give all things a settlement,  
Do justice to the weak oppressed,  
Who will get all their wrongs redressed,  
To o'erthrow the oppressor's sway,  
And cast his galling chains away.

But 'tis an awful day of wrath,  
That makes the boldest quake and start ;  
The Lamb has come in anger great,  
And Heav'n and earth begin to quake ;

The lights of Heav'n before Him pale,  
The earth to its foundation shakes,  
The Heavens as a scroil depart ;  
And mountains from their bases part.

Why does His anger burn so hot ?  
A cause sufficient has he got ?  
He Himself in this world was slain,  
They both His hands and feet did nail,  
Placed on His head a thorny crown,  
And mocked before Him kneeling down,  
When life did from His body part,  
They with a spear did pierce His heart.

His saints they tortured ev'ry way,  
Because they would God's Word obey,  
They would not suffer them to live,  
But often pierced them with the steel ;  
Others they shut in dungeons old,  
In summer's heat and winter's cold ;  
Others they scourged and whipped to death ;  
Of many they cut off the head.

His commands they would not obey,  
But added sin to sin each day ;  
They did according to their will,  
Their mission here did not fulfil ;  
Of Christ they were the enemies,  
And always did iniquities,  
Trampled the Gospel under foot ;  
Its progress in the world withstood.

But now the scene's completely changed,  
And all for Judgment is arranged ;  
The elements do melt with heat,  
Where can the godless take their seat ?  
The Heav'ns and earth are all ablaze,  
While weeping multitudes do gaze,  
Grieving because their time is come,  
And must receive as they have done.

The nations to the Throne draw near,  
The sentence of the Judge to hear,  
Praying the hills on them to fall,  
And hide them from the eye of God ;  
Hide them from the wrath of the Lamb,  
Which is come upon all the land,  
Come as a thief in the dark night,  
In an hour they did not expect.

Many did pierce Him in His cause ;  
Were disobedient to His laws ;  
At the righteous did often scoff,  
And with low gestures took them off ;  
Persecuted the needy, poor,  
And sent them hungry from their door ;  
Had no compassion on them sick,  
Nor did them when in prison seek.

'Twere good now if they could escape,  
And get an exit at some gate ;  
But they must stand before the Throne,  
While they tremble, all flesh and bone ;

They must await their awful doom,  
And to Jehovah must succumb ;  
Opposition they cannot give,  
But the just sentence must receive.

They lived on the earth wantonly  
And in vile sensuality,  
Doing as they themselves thought fit,  
And ne'er regarding God a bit ;  
Merciless to their fellow men,  
And often doing hurt to them,  
Always unfeeling and unjust,  
And pleasing, when they could, their lust.

And now their sins make them to pall  
Before Jehovah, Judge of all ;  
They look upon Him through their sin,  
And so is fearful by them seen :  
We look the sun through painted glass  
And change the color that it has ;  
But still the sun remains the same ;  
'Tis colored glass that is to blame.

'Tis criminals that fear the Judge,  
And His authority begrudge ;  
'Tis they that do His sentence fear,  
But which alas ! alas ! they'll hear ;  
Their fear and anger cannot save,  
Nor will their crying and despair ;  
The day of mercy's past and gone ;  
The day of Judgment now is come.

But the righteous are not afraid,  
Nor are they in the least dismayed ;  
To them it is a blissful day,  
As they stand up in bright array,  
Their faces beaming with delight,  
At the glorious Heav'nly sight,  
Rejoicing in their Saviour dear,  
As they to His bright Throne draw near.

They now their Elder Brother see,  
Who once was nailed to the tree,  
Surrounded by the angels bright,  
And saints bedecked in garments white,  
A multitude that none can count,  
With Him and round His Throne about ;  
But Christ is more glorious far  
Than all that round about Him are.

'Tis He gives glory to the Throne,  
Who was on earth without a home,  
Rejected and despised of men,  
Who'll now acquit them or condemn ;  
From His Judgment there's no appeal,  
He'll upon each one set a seal ;  
He that's filthy will so remain,  
And he that's pure will stay the same.

The saints now lift up their bowed head,  
But without the least shame or dread ;  
They were oft by their foes oppressed,  
But now their wrongs will be redressed ;

Their Elder Brother has appeared,  
Which all the wicked ever feared ;  
And vengeance to the full He'll take  
Upon all such as did Him hate.

The righteous now are full of joy,  
Which all the wicked can't destroy ;  
They are triumphant now and glad,  
While all their enemies are sad,  
For now Christ owns them as His friends,  
And for their wrongs they'll have amends,  
Reward for suffering will get,  
And pains and sorrows shall forget.

They're glad because their woes are past,  
And know their joys will ever last :  
With rapture now on Christ they gaze,  
Their souls with love to Him ablaze ;  
He is all that they could desire ;  
With all their hearts they Him admire ;  
He fills their souls with all delight  
Whilst they behold His glory bright.

This is the day for which they sighed,  
When of the world they oft were tired,  
When tried with poverty and want,  
With bodies weak and lean and gaunt ;  
Still more they would be free from sin,  
Of which they long had weary been ;  
They would be with the Lord at rest,  
Which for the saints is far the best.

They'll ne'er be burdened any more,  
For the oppressors' sway is o'er ;  
The day of freedom now is come,  
With joy to ev'ry saved one ;  
Their hearts beat high with holy love,  
For Christ is come, who is their Life,  
And they now shine with Him in white,  
And will partake of all delight.

And now Christ the Judgment begins,  
And clearly in this way it runs :  
The sheep He'll set on His right hand,  
A loving and a holy hand,  
Who on the earth had sorrows sore ;  
But now rejoice forever more,  
Separated from the unjust,  
With whom they mixed upon the earth.

The Judge beholds them with delight,  
For He did love them from the first ;  
He sees in them no speck of sin ;  
They are before Him pure and clean  
In the Church as now purified,  
The Lamb beholds His loving Bride ;  
For His companionship prepared  
As His own rich grace has her made.

He'll now in kindness those address,  
Who are clad in His righteousness,  
Who bear His image in their face,  
And in their hearts His love and grace :

Come ye all of My Father blest  
Now into My eternal rest ;  
For ready is your home on high,  
The peaceful mansions in the sky.

When I was hungry ye Me fed,  
When comfortless ye gave Me bed,  
When I was naked did Me clothe,  
And in distress did soothe My woe ;  
In prison ye came Me to see,  
And made My burdens lighter be ;  
Ye shed the sympathizing tear,  
And did with kindly words Me cheer.

When thirsty ye did give Me drink,  
When homeless ye did take Me in ;  
This ye did to the least of Mine,  
And did it then to Me each time ;  
Ye have your kindness to Me shown,  
Which I before My Father own ;  
Now to the Kingdom come, prepared  
For you before the world was made.

Then to the wicked He will say,  
You now depart from Me away  
Into the everlasting fire,  
Prepared for Satan in Mine ire,  
And for the angels that transgressed,  
Where they'll forever be distressed ;  
For you are now accursed of Me,  
And you can ne'er My glory see.

You showed no mercy when you could,  
Merciless, cold and hard you stood,  
No friendship to Me ye e'er showed,  
Your hate and anger to Me glowed,  
Gave Me no drink of water cold,  
Nor to My dear ones, young or old ;  
When hungry ye gave Me no food,  
Nor in any way did Me good.

They at their sentence are surprised ;  
They thought they would be recognized,  
And should the first rewards receive,  
That was in Jesus' power to give ;  
They thought they had been doing good  
To ev'ry one who needy stood,  
And now a full reward should get,  
Which in their pride they did expect.

And we doubt not they some things did,  
When they considered it was fit ;  
But it was to be seen of men,  
And that much praise be given then.  
The praise of men they greatly sought,  
But for God's praise they cared not ;  
Of fellow creatures sought renown ;  
To Jesus would not give the crown.

Their reward to them had been giv'n,  
And now they cannot go to Heav'n ;  
Their good deeds were not done in love,  
For all they did they got enough ;

They had their pleasures on the earth,  
And this of all they loved the first ;  
The Gospel message heeded not,  
Although they many warnings got.

The day of pleasure now is past ;  
They stand before the Judge aghast,  
And no help can by them be found,  
The Judge's presence them confound ;  
The hearts that once were stout now fail,  
And all at once they shriek and wail ;  
For confidence they have despair ;  
They wring their hands and pull their hair.

And now aloud they curse their day,  
And such as did them lead astray ;  
Their follies bitterly bewail  
When, alas ! it will not avail ;  
Their supplications Christ won't hear,  
Nor will alleviate their fear ;  
The day of mercy has gone by,  
When they salvation did despise.

They all forthwith to hell must go,  
And live forever in its woe ;  
They must endure its heat and pain  
With those who were companions gay ;  
The greater number makes it worse  
Where all endure Jehovah's curse,  
Where the least favor is not shown,  
Nor ray of light has ever shone.

Oh, friend, whilst 'tis the day of grace,  
Think what you must in Judgment face,  
Of the account that must be giv'n,  
When the dead from the grave have ris'n,  
When of deeds we must give account,  
And ev'ry word we idly spoke,  
When the books will be opened out,  
And nothing will be left in doubt.

Prepare me, Lord, for that great day  
When Heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
When earth shall melt with fervent heat,  
And oceans be a blazing sheet,  
When Heav'n shall pass with mighty noise,  
And sun and moon fade from the sky ;  
When mountains tumble to their base,  
And earth to its foundations quakes.

Be Thou, Christ, in that lay my stay  
When graceless ones are in dismay,  
When they shall be as ashes vile,  
Under the Godly's feet that lie,  
When Christ Himself will them despise,  
And failed have refuges of lies,  
Thou wilt strength to the righteous be  
And their hopes will all rest on Thee.

Sinners will then their ways deplore  
With wailings loud and awful sore ;  
They will then lick the very dust  
In presence of the good and just ;

Their refuges of lies won't stand ;  
Their feet are now on sinking sand ;  
Their faith is vain and profitless,  
And will not stand them in distress.

May I in that day Jesus see  
In joy, peace, and felicity,  
And without the least fear or dread  
A tear of joy and love do shed ;  
How could we then, friends, tears withhold,  
When we on the White Throne behold  
Him who was nailed to the tree  
The day He died for you and me ?

When I see the print of the nails,  
Think of His sorrows and His pains,  
When I behold His wounded side,  
And think of all His woes combined,  
Think of the blood for me He shed,  
To ransom me from lasting death,  
My love must kindle into flames ;  
My tongue aloud must sing His praise.

He now wears a glorious crown  
Upon the head once bowed down,  
When He expired upon the cross  
In agony that awful was,  
When men around did laugh and scorn  
The Man that then was crowned with thorn,  
And said, Come now down from the tree,  
And we'll at once believe in Thee.

How sore now must the wicked feel,  
Whose hearts were harder than the steel,  
Whose hearts for sin were never broke,  
Who blasphemously of Him spoke,  
Who before Pilate craved His death,  
And loudly did vociferate—  
Away with this Man from the earth,  
But grant Barabbas unto us.

What shall the pains of Pilate be  
When His great glory he shall see,  
And think how he had condemned Him,  
Although he found in Him no sin ;  
How he did cause them Christ to scourge,  
And washed his hands himself to purge,  
And thought that in Him was no guilt,  
Though he consented to the deed ?

He let the Jews Christ crucify,  
Their bloody lusts to satisfy ;  
Justice to Him he would not do,  
Though of His innocence he knew ;  
All pow'r Him to release he had,  
For he himself said boldly, that,  
To crucify Him or release,  
He could do either as he please.

Where now stands the betrayer bold,  
Who Christ for thirty pieces sold ;  
Betrayed Him with a friendly kiss  
As a mark that they could not miss ?

Methinks I see him take his stand  
With Apollyon at his right hand,  
Nearest to him of all the throng,  
Who did the blessed Saviour wrong.

Many a Judas in that day  
Will be in terrible dismay,  
Who just like him betrayers were,  
And Jesus Christ like him did serve ;  
Who were to their profession false,  
And fit time to betray Him sought,  
Lifted up against Him their heel,  
When Satan their dark hearts did fill.

Pilate represents the unjust,  
Who did the Godly cruel hurt,  
Who by the multitude were swayed,  
And did whate'er was of them craved ;  
They gave the Godly up to death  
When they were judges on the earth ;  
Of these there will be multitudes  
When Christ His Judgment executes.

Where now will be the sceptic's strength,  
Whose life on earth was but misspent,  
Who would not believe Bible truths,  
But his bold stand against them took ?  
And now he stands before the Throne  
Of Him he did before disown ;  
Will he now make his bravos good .  
As in his life he said he would ?

His courage is entirely gone,  
His face is pale and awful wan ;  
His boasting tongue is silent now,  
The Judge does him completely cower :  
He now the Saviour must confess  
And bow his knee in sore distress,  
When his prayers will not avail,  
And supplications are in vain.

Where now is he who loved the world,  
Who his lip at the Godly curled,  
Who walked in his own sinful ways,  
And has misspent his nights and days,  
Who in this world took his delight,  
And vain was all else in his sight,  
Who made of this vain world his god,  
Refusing Divine counsels all ?

Then come the men of vilest lust,  
Who lived in filthiness and dirt,  
Who satisfied their appetite,  
Against corruption would not fight ;  
Who to their fleshly minds would yield,  
Away the Holy Spirit grieved ;  
Who in their sinful way remained  
In spite of all the Godly said.

Where now can stand the swearing man,  
Who oft his fellow men did damn ?  
Who cursed and swore with ev'ry breath,  
And never compunction felt ;

Who freely took God's name in vain  
Without the least regret or shame,  
Who laughed aloud when others swore,  
Or chuckled with delight all o'er.

All the wicked of ev'ry shade,  
Who lying refuges had made,  
Must from the Judge their sentence hear ;  
Those who came to salvation near,  
And all who remained far away,  
And knew not Christ, the Living Way,  
Must be turned into the same place  
In burning shame and sore disgrace.

There they will punishment receive  
According as the case shall be ;  
As each one in the body did,  
That he should suffer is but fit ;  
He'll suffer what he did deserve,  
There's no respect of persons there ;  
Each will endure as he has done,  
And nothing more can any one.

The righteous will be welcomed home ;  
Of them forgotten will be none :  
Come, all ye of My Father bless'd,  
Will Jesus Christ to them address,  
To the Kingdom I did prepare  
Ere foundations of the world were ;  
Inherit it forever more,  
In quiet and peace and lasting joy,

Saints will then go to their own place,  
Shall enter at the pearly gate,  
With Jesus as their leader great  
Will enter into blessed state ;  
Where they His glory will e'er see,  
Which He had from eternity,  
With the Father ere the world was,  
Or even its foundation rock.

There joy and peace e'ermore abound,  
Where they their souls' desire have found,  
To be forever with the Lord,  
Singing His praise with one accord ;  
Where they His countenance behold  
In the Heavenly upper fold,  
Surrounded by the angels bright,  
Whose faces shine with radiant light.

They all their sorrows have forgot,  
Where pain and sorrow enter not,  
Where they eat of the Tree of Life,  
And drink from rivers of delight ;  
There they in lasting peace repose  
E'er undisturbed by any foes,  
Rejoicing in the Saviour's love,  
In the Jerusalem above.

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## FAITH.

Heb. xi.

**W**HAT then is Faith but trust in God?  
A perfect trust in Him for all;  
Trust of the heart in what he says,  
And trust in Christ our souls who saves.

Faith at His word the Lord will take  
With confidence that never shake,  
Trusting in all that He does tell,  
In spite of all the powers of hell.

'Tis substance of all things we hope  
Without the aid of priest or pope;  
The proof of things that are above,  
Which God relates to us in love.

The Romish Church the Faith divides,  
And thus it into two defines:  
Implicit Faith she calls the first,  
Explicit Faith she calls the next.

Under the first but little is;  
It teaches men that God exists,  
That He future rewards will give,  
Is Redeemer of those that live.

Explicit Faith the people teach  
To believe whate'er taught by priest;  
This does the Romish Church command,  
And none a reason may demand.

That there is but one Faith is plain,  
As God does in His Word explain ;  
There is only one saving Faith,  
Ephesians fourth and fifth saith.

The Word of God must be our guide,  
Not ways invented in our pride ;  
'Tis a sin to God's Word to add,  
Or the least from it to detract.

God will give punishment condign  
To such as change His truths Divine ;  
Will blot them from the Book of Life,  
Or with His awful plagues them strike.

There are many allusions made  
In the New Testament to Faith,  
Where we may all its meaning get,  
If we on this our minds have set.

There is a Faith that's vain or feigned,  
'Tis such as ne'er on Christ was staid ;  
'Tis founded upon vain conceit,  
And born of falsehood and deceit.

There is the Faith of God's elect,  
Which truly ne'er can be upset ;  
No evil o'er it can prevail  
Though all the powers of hell assail.

By false works 'twill not be deceived,  
(For its power is from God received),  
Though, by the pow'r to Satan giv'n,  
He should make fire come down from Heav'n.

'Tis said that devils do believe,  
And in this way we that conceive ;  
They just believe what they do know,  
And further they will never go.

They were once in the highest Heav'n  
Ere they were to perdition driv'n,  
Ere they fell from their first estate,  
Which brought them to their awful fate.

They remember what there they saw  
When they were without sin or flaw ;  
How great indeed the sorrow this,  
That they in hell remember bliss.

The rich man said, in burning fire,  
Of brothers I have just the five ;  
His memory was vivid, bright,  
Though with hell-flames he was much hurt.

They believe that there is one God ;  
In this they are of one accord ;  
And this is truly what it ought,  
Although they tremble at the thought.

Salvation for them there is not,  
And it can ne'er by them be got ;  
And to know this must give them pain,  
Where they live in the fiery flame.

Man may believe there is one God,  
And it remain a perfect fraud ;  
To certain facts he may assent  
With his heart hard as adamant.

Saving Faith is in a new heart,  
Confessing ev'ry Bible fact,  
While trusting firmly in the Lord,  
'Tis searching daily in His Word.

The Christian has many a doubt,  
But they regard himself throughout,  
Fearing he's found a goat at last,  
And will into hell-fire be cast.

But he must have no doubt in Christ,  
Or efficacy of His Blood  
To cleanse away the vilest sin,  
And make the foulest white and clean.

'Tis Faith with God that will prevail ;  
By it our prayers will avail ;  
By it Jacob victory got,  
When he of God a blessing sought.

He wrestled with the angel bright  
Throughout the watches of the night ;  
He in the struggle nobly fought  
Till his request at last he got.

'Tis by Faith that we're justified,  
With Faith that God is satisfied ;  
By Faith that Jesus we embrace,  
And run the noble Christian race.

Faith's a glorious victory,  
To overcome the powers that be  
In this vain sinful world below,  
As we to the bright mansions go.

Faith is a grand and polished shield,  
Which all Christian warriors wield,  
That quenches Satan's fiery darts,  
When aimed by him at Christian hearts.

By Faith in Christ we're sons of God,  
And Christ to us the end of law ;  
By Faith we stand in Him complete,  
And the old serpent's aims defeat.

Faith always looks to Jesus Christ,  
And ever finds in Him delight ;  
He is the finisher of Faith,  
As in His blessed Word He saith.

Faith all the Scripture searcheth keen,  
Where such glorious things are seen ;  
It follows Jesus in His work,  
And sees in Him ev'ry worth.

Faith is of all the graces first ;  
Dost thou believe in Me, said Christ ;  
It is by Faith we Christ receive ;  
None are saved unless they believe.

Jesus could die for us and live,  
But He could not for us believe ;  
The sinner must believe in Him,  
Or he will e'er remain in sin.

It is by Faith in Christ we live,  
And He to us His blessings give ;  
'Tis Faith that strength to us imparts,  
And fills with confidence our hearts.

'Twas Abel's Faith that pleased God ;  
This was to Him the best of all ;  
For God received his sacrifice,  
For his Faith did Him satisfy.

Without Faith we ne'er God can please,  
Though ever on our bended knees ;  
Thus Cain's offering He did reject,  
And for himself had no respect.

Faith of the Spirit is the fruit,  
The Holy Spirit is the root  
From whence it rises and grows up  
In union strong with hope and love.

And saving Faith ne'er idle lies,  
For it does ever energise ;  
And then it always works by love,  
But never with debate and strife.

By Faith we become friends of God,  
As Abraham himself was called ;  
Higher honor was ne'er conferred  
Upon a son of man on earth.

Faith cometh by hearing the Word,  
Which in the Bible we are told ;  
The tenth of Romans you can see,  
Where in verse seventeen this be.

'Tis by hearing 'twill progress make,  
And will increase from day to day,  
As plants that are refreshed by dew  
Distilling down from ether blue.

How blessed then it is to hear :  
How good to have the list'ning ear :  
And in the house of God attend,  
Where His rich blessings down descend.

We must all worship God in Faith,  
Or He will not hear what we say,  
And our requests He'll never grant,  
But treat our pray'rs as idle rant.

By Faith Enoch was received up  
Without tasting natural death ;  
He passed into the mansions bright,  
And was not found upon the earth.

For by his Faith he walked with God,  
Doing according to His Word,  
Seeking to know His will each day,  
That he might please Him ev'ry way.

By Faith did Noah build the ark,  
That he and household might embark,  
When the flood should on the world come,  
And destroy all the earth upon.

Noah was moved with Godly fear  
When he the threatenings did hear ;  
He knew that God would keep His word,  
And with destruction strike the world.

The unbelieving took no thought  
Till with destruction they were caught ;  
They perished 'neath the billows great,  
As the Lord by His servant spake.

When God to Abram gave a call,  
He left his father's house and all,  
Went forth into a country strange,  
Which did his many comforts change.

By Faith he Isaac offered up,  
Through God a substitute did get ;  
But God was with him satisfied,  
Because his son he sacrificed.

Among all those that faithful be  
Abram must the first place receive ;  
He's Father of the Faithful called :  
This honor he received from God.

'Twas by Faith Moses Egypt left,  
And gave up all his worldly wealth ;  
Because he looked for a reward  
Higher than the world can afford.

He to religion did attend,  
Although he Pharaoh should offend ;  
Reproach for Christ he'd rather bear  
Than all the wealth of Egypt share.

By Faith Israel passed through the sea  
When they did out of Egypt flee ;  
They passed through it as if dry land,  
For God did lead them by the hand.

The Egyptians came on behind,  
But soon were swallowed in the tide ;  
The waves did over them prevail ;  
Their efforts to escape did fail.

All then without Faith will perish ;  
Whate'er false hopes they may cherish ;  
Will vanish in the storms of death,  
And then they'll know their dreadful state

By Faith the Martyrs stood the blaze,  
And of the multitude the gaze ;  
They willingly laid down their life,  
So great to Jesus was their love.

Of these we can but mention some,  
As Stephen and the Baptist John,  
And the disciples of our Lord,  
Whose names we need not here record.

In Scotland was brave Hamilton,  
And Godly Richard Cameron ;  
And thousands of the self-same stamp,  
Whose Faith the scaffold could not damp.

Then came the teachers great and brave,  
Which God for Reformation gave ;  
Among them first the German Monk,  
Who gave to Popery the knock.

His Faith was of the proper cast,  
And so remained until the last ;  
Popes and princes him could not move,  
Although with threats they did pursue.

His foot was planted on the Rock  
Whence he had his salvation got ;  
He trusted in the Lord for help ;  
By Faith His presence with him felt.

In Worms he met the Popish throng  
And proved at once their doctrines wrong ;  
But none dared do him any hurt,  
Though Charles did his venom spurt.

In Scotland the heroic Knox  
The leader of the Godly was ;  
He feared not any mortal man  
Whilst fighting bravely in the van.

His Faith and courage may be seen  
When he rebuked the Popish Queen ;  
He stood before her undismayed  
And of her frowns was not afraid.

The pow'rs that be he nobly faced,  
And Popery out of Scotland chased ;  
'Till Reformation was complete,  
And Scotland made her darling seat.

Calvin his Institutes did write ;  
He was not idle in the fight ;  
But nobly did his pen employ,  
The Popish errors to destroy.

His Faith was always clear and bright,  
E'er since he got the Heav'nly light ;  
With zeal his work did prosecute,  
And mental pow'rs the most acute.

The men of Faith did bravely fight,  
And put the aliens to flight ;  
As David in the ages far,  
And Cromwell in a later war.

One man may truly represent  
All that took part in an event ;  
To mention them all would not do,  
So we content ourselves with few.

'Twas by Faith all good deeds were done,  
But here we cannot give their sun ;  
Read Hebrews eleventh throughout,  
And this you will in truth find out.

Faith looks to Jesus on the cross,  
Where our salvation finished was ;  
There sees in Him our Substitute  
In sorrow, shame, and pain acute.

Faith looks to Him upon the throne,  
Where human nature He has borne ;  
Where intercession now He makes  
In the court of Heav'n for our sakes.

Whate'er in Heaven now we see  
Of all its grandeur and glory,  
The same to us by Faith's revealed,  
Whilst from the world it is concealed.

Faith can pierce through the deepest gloom  
Of the dark clouds above that loom ;  
It can pierce the blue vault of Heav'n ;  
That pow'r to it of God is giv'n.

The enemy of Faith is doubt,  
By which 'tis almost crushed out :  
Old Satan tries to root it up,  
That he the victory may get.

No pow'r on earth can keep it down,  
Nor yet the fallen angels' frown :  
A glimpse of Christ will it revive ;  
It's up again and all alive.

Faith ev'ry trial will outlive,  
Such as the sinful world can give ;  
Sore poverty will not it kill,  
Though here we should be cold and chill.

Faith's like the tiny flower that grows  
On top of Alps 'midst drifting snows,  
Whose scarlet beauties still remain  
'Midst Arctic frosts fore'er the same.

Thus Faith in the heart e'er abides  
With lusts and passions on all sides ;  
By these 'twill not be crushed to death,  
But will maintain a stubborn fight.

Nor can the Devil it destroy,  
When he shall all his arts employ ;  
He'll fail our Faith to overcome ;  
By Faith the victory is won.

Faith as it looks to Jesus Christ  
Grows strong and active in the strife ;  
'Tis lusts and sins that must give way  
Like night before the light of day.

Faith though small as a mustard seed  
Will grow at length a mighty tree  
That weathers ev'ry stormy blast  
From the four points of the compass.

Faith, indeed, may be weak or strong ;  
But Christian Faith is never wrong,  
For it first has its object right,  
Terminating on Jésus Christ.

The object of false faith is vain,  
And then its ends can ne'er attain ;  
'Twill vanish in the storms of death,  
And fell despair will come instead.

How glorious then is the Faith  
That stands us in the evil day,  
That in sore trials comforts yields,  
And from the darts of Satan shields.

Some want to know if their faith's true :  
Trust in Christ, that's the best for you ;  
Trust ever in His finished work,  
And the Old Serpent can't you hurt.

Be constant at the Throne of Grace,  
Lest you may weary in the race ;  
Faith you can strengthen ev'ry day  
While walking in the narrow way.

Trials, you may depend, will come,  
But they will help us ev'ry one  
When in temptation we o'ercome,  
For us a victory is won.

The trial of our Faith is good  
When in the combat we have stood ;  
For thus our hearts are purified,  
Like gold that in the fire is tried.

Your faith you ought to know yourself ;  
For this others to you can't tell ;  
They'll tell you that your faith is good ;  
Though of the same they have no proof.

You may say, How this can I do ?  
My friend, the Word of God is true ;  
Yourself by it then examine,  
And prove your Faith is genuine.

True Faith will stand the storms of death,  
And in the struggle won't give up,  
But will have such grand victory  
As will gladden eternity.

Christ found in the Centurion  
The greatest faith of any one :  
He found no such in Israel ;  
This Gentile did them all excel.

Faith gets its errand from the Lord,  
Which we can gather from His Word :  
The Centurion's man was healed,  
Because his master had believed.

Faith will indeed its errand bring,  
Whate'er direction blows the wind ;  
Perhaps not the way we did expect,  
For it comes sometimes indirect.

Faith will take healing out of Christ ;  
The sick woman but touched His skirt,  
And she was then and there made whole  
From the sore malady she bore,

Thy Faith hath saved thee, go in peace ;  
Thus to the woman Christ did speak ;  
Thy Faith, indeed, hath made thee whole,  
Go then thy way and sin no more.

Faith is a golden link that binds  
To Jesus Christ our hearts and minds,  
In union that can ne'er dissolve  
While years and ages will revolve.

The Lord indeed may set you task,  
Or to give something up may ask ;  
This will certainly be a test  
To Faith, which will be for the best.

With Abram 'twas well in the end,  
In trouble God him help did send :  
With Moses all did turn out well  
When he in Midian's land did dwell.

It will end always well with Faith,  
Though there be trials in the way ;  
All will end bright as the noonday ;  
Of doubts you cannot find a shade.

Blessed then is she that believed ;  
Mary this compliment received ;  
The angel at his word she took,  
Which is commended in the Book :

Our Faith at death away's not cast,  
But is into perfection passed :  
Our Faith in Christ we'll never lose,  
While with the glorified we'll move.

Here we need always watch our heart,  
Lest we might from God's ways depart,  
And pray as the Disciples prayed ;  
Now, Lord, increase our *Faith*, they said.

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### THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Matt. 17 ; Mark 9.

'**T**is on a mountain high they stand,  
In flowery decked Judeah's land,  
Far from the haunts of men removed,  
Where the shy hind roams unpursued ;  
There all is solitude and quiet,  
Except the murmuring rill beside,  
And the sweet notes of mountain birds,  
That in the thicket near-by hides.

There stood Christ, Peter, James, John ;  
A light as if from Heav'n shone,  
Christ is transfigured then and there,  
His garments white as light they are,  
And His face shines bright as the sun,  
When its noon splendor all is come,  
Filling the world with golden light ;  
Glorious ! glorious ! the sight !

Moses, the saint of God, appear,  
With great Elijah standing near ;  
With Christ their their conversation is,  
About His sufferings and demise,

Which should now very soon take place,  
Outside of Jerusalem's gate ;  
And upon dread Mount Calvary,  
Where they should nail Him to the tree.

Peter thought it best there to stay,  
And there three tabernacles make,  
One for Moses, and one for Christ,  
One for Elijah, in that place ;  
He thought it so good to be there,  
The blessed company to share ;  
A foretaste indeed of Heaven,  
To them on that Mount is given.

A bright cloud overshadowed them  
Whilst they are yet speaking, and then  
A Heav'nly voice by them is heard ;  
On their face they fell sore afraid ;  
Deep sleep on the Disciples fell,  
As if o'ercome by magic spell ;  
The glory was for them too great,  
For glory they are yet too frail.

He said : Hear My beloved Son—  
And this was He who was to come—  
With Him, He said, I am well pleased ;  
This said the Heav'nly voice and ceased ;  
This voice is now by all men heard,  
Where'er the Gospel is declared ;  
Oh, hear it all, ye sons of men !  
Hear with attention, add Amen !

Jesus gave them a loving touch,  
And immediately they stood up ;  
Be not afraid, the Saviour said,  
And all at once their fear's dispelled,  
They now lift up their drowsy eyes,  
And none but Jesus Christ espies ;  
Christ and they are again alone,  
And Moses and Elijah gone.

Oh, with Christ on the Mount I'd be,  
That I a glimpse of His glory see,  
See there the shining of His face,  
Even but for a minute's space ;  
It would then fill my heart with love,  
The burning flame would sure be up,  
Of love to Jesus Christ a flame,  
Oh, that it would fore'er remain.

We'd on the mount of ord'nance be,  
And meet there, dear Saviour, with Thee ;  
There enjoy a refreshing time,  
As if in the Heavenly clime,  
With those who keep a festal day,  
Removed from worldly scenes away,  
Enjoying there sweet company  
With those who would the Saviour see.

Jesus would not have us there stay,  
There's work to do elsewhere that day ;  
And from the mount we must come down,  
And do that work on lower ground ;

The world is perishing in sin,  
And has been since sin entered in ;  
The foul fiend's destroying many,  
If not checked, would not leave any.

Christ to destroy all evil came,  
And many from destruction save,  
Deliver them from being slaves,  
And break in pieces Satan's chains,  
To those in darkness to give light,  
And to set ev'ry thing aright,  
To save men from eternal death,  
As in His holy Word He saith.

But we need not come down alone,  
Christ of our number will be one ;  
Better follow Him in the way  
Than on the mount alone to stay ;  
Better be with Him in the world,  
Where bright His banner is unfurled,  
Than stay upon the mountain high,  
Without His blessed presence nigh.

Linger not on the mount behind ;  
Go with Christ where you work can find ;  
Better among the multitude  
Than in the mountain's solitude ;  
Better be with the surging crowd  
Than on the mount where Christ's not found ;  
Better be with Him at His work  
Than at the grandest earthly court.

Then they brought Christ an imbecile,  
A young man possessed of devil ;  
Jesus cast the foul spirit out ;  
The man was healed, and none could doubt ;  
How blessed 'twas to be with Christ,  
And see the triumph of His might,  
See evil spirits dispossessed  
Of him they had from youth distressed.

The Disciples' faith was then weak ;  
The lunatic they could not heal ;  
The devils out they could not cast ;  
Their place before them they held fast :  
The Scribes there did with them dispute,  
Because they could not heal the mute ;  
They thought they victory had got,  
And from henceforth they could them mock.

Christ put forth His pow'r in their sight,  
The aliens' army turned to flight,  
Gave proof of His Divinity,  
Which He had from eternity ;  
What could His enemies now do,  
This proof was not before a few,  
But before an assembled throng,  
Gathered the people from among.

Ashamed His enemies now stood ;  
The miracle was great and good,  
Convincing all who were sincere  
That the Messiah did appear,

That He must be the Son of God,  
And none but Jesus Christ the Lord ;  
His friends for joy could shout and sing,  
But foes felt something like a sting.

Oh, for faith like a mustard seed,  
That we in Christ's work may succeed ;  
Oh, to be with the Spirit filled ;  
This is what all His servants need ;  
If we'd difficulties o'ercome,  
That up like mountains great do loom,  
And cause them vanish far away,  
As if cast deep into the main.

In the work with Christ we would be,  
Whether by land or by the sea ;  
Whether in sea-girt P. E. I.,  
Or up along the Rockies high ;  
Whether by the Atlantic shore,  
Or inland by some forest hoar ;  
Whether near the scenes of our youth,  
Or in the islands of the south.

'Tis the same work that must be done  
Under Africa's burning sun,  
Or in the regions frosty cold,  
As in the Klondike's fields of gold ;  
Or amidst China's multitude,  
Mostly in heathen servitude ;  
Or 'midst India's dusky race,  
Strangers most to Heavenly grace.

Where our work is, that's the best place,  
With Jesus is the place for us ;  
Work in His vineyard anywhere,  
The reason we should not enquire ;  
But follow Him where'er He leads,  
'Tis there our labor best succeeds :  
If we sow there the Gospel seed,  
A golden harvest we shall reap.

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## THE SOWER.

Mark 4 ; Matt. 13.

**A** SOWER went forth for to sow,  
Taking with him most precious seed,  
To sow it where'er he did go,  
In every part of the field ;  
Some of it fell by the roadsides,  
Where the ground was beaten and hard,  
And was then picked up by the birds,  
And nothing e'er grew in that land.

The seed sown is the Word of God,  
By His servants sincerely preached,  
Who were truly sent by the Lord,  
That sinners in heart might be pricked ;  
That the Word might lodgment there get,  
And then spring up and bring forth fruit,  
Where by the Holy Spirit set,  
It might spring up from a good root.

When one hears understanding not,  
Forthwith cometh the wicked one,  
Picks up the seed ; the Word's forgot,  
And therefore nothing good was done.  
When the Word is preached, Satan waits  
That he may the effects destroy,  
And to prevent all good results,  
He will to ev'ry sin decoy.

Oh, my friend, beware when you hear,  
For Satan then is lurking by ;  
He notes each word that strikes your ear,  
And to make you forget he'll try :  
When we hear, then let us take heed,  
That we the Word do understand,  
And treasure up the precious seed  
Within our hearts, which is that land.

To lose the Word's eternal loss ;  
The chance may not come back again ;  
Man remains as at first he was  
Until he dies, alas the day !  
How fearful 'tis to die in sin,  
And the offered salvation miss ;  
At death then miseries begin,  
For they have lost eternal bliss.

Some seeds fell into stony ground,  
Where were but thin layers of earth,  
Where they but little depth hath found,  
And immediately sprang up ;

It looked indeed exceeding fair  
And promised to be a good crop ;  
It all the passers-by did praise ;  
Of blight or failure thought they not.

But when the sun rose with great heat,  
It fell and withered all away ;  
Its destruction was so complete  
By the hot sun of that one day ;  
'Twas because it had no deep root,  
To draw moisture up from the land ;  
And so for nothing it was good  
Although at first it looked so grand.

These did the Word receive with joy,  
And were for a short season glad,  
Their tongues in praises did employ,  
With ecstasy their hands did clap,  
And their profession soon was made ;  
They were converted now and right ;  
Of doubt they had not the least shade ;  
For *they were* walking in the light.

But persecution soon arose,  
And tribulations many came ;  
But they had no pow'r to oppose ;  
Troubles come as a surging wave ;  
Immediately they take offence,  
And in disgust they turn away ;  
They will not suffer in defence  
Of pure religion for a day.

They endured for a little while,  
As long as ev'rything went well,  
So long as they on them did smile,  
They were content with them to dwell ;  
For Christ they would endure no frown,  
Nor would they at all stand rebuke ;  
Their life for Him would not lay down,  
Away the nearest road they took.

Impressions last but for a day,  
And then vanish will forever,  
Like morning clouds will go away,  
Which the rising sun does scatter ;  
Graceless man has no pow'r to stand,  
However fair his profession ;  
He was but building on the sand  
And without the rock foundation.

Then among the thorns some seeds fell,  
And when the blades sprung up and grew,  
The thorns also sprung up as well,  
Nourished by sunshine and by dew ;  
Both grew in the field together,  
And fair and flourishing appeared ;  
But the ears of corn did wither  
And all from root to top were seared.

These then are they that heard the Word,  
Which God's faithful servant preaches,  
But were filled with cares of this world  
And deceitfulness of riches ;

Their hearts upon the world were set,  
For serious thoughts had no time,  
On Heav'nly things would not reflect,  
They to this world their thoughts confine.

The love of riches will destroy  
Good impressions in beginning,  
And the unwary will employ  
In various ways of sinning ;  
Undue worldly cares choke the Word,  
And it then becomes unfruitful,  
And no fruit is brought forth to God,  
The heart e'er remains deceitful.

But some seeds fell into good ground,  
And they there did take a firm root,  
Where they a proper lodgment found,  
And by and by did upward shoot ;  
The ears improved from day to day,  
And grew in beauty round and full,  
Getting their substance from good clay,  
Fanned by Heav'nly breezes cool.

At first was seen a little blade ;  
How small and tiny it did look :  
Some said, indeed, the crop will fail,  
And will not come to any good ;  
But still it steadily did thrive,  
No matter what the people said,  
In rain or drought it would not die,  
Because from the good ground 'twas fed.

This ground was indeed much improved,  
And for the seed made suitable,  
Had the sharp thorns from it removed,  
Which always prove destructible ;  
The rocks were also moved away,  
And the ground ev'ry way prepared,  
That the seed proper root might take,  
And their increase might not be stayed.

The heart was by the Spirit worked ;  
His sense of guilt and sin complete ;  
He found that in him was no worth,  
That his heart was of sin the seat ;  
But he to Christ did look for help,  
And not to any other source ;  
In Him deliverance was he felt,  
And then to Him he had recourse.

The blade developed to an ear,  
And stronger grew from day to day,  
And when the harvest did draw near,  
In the breeze did so nicely wave ;  
Some of it did yield thirty fold,  
Sixty, a hundred seeds, full round,  
In appearance yellow as gold,  
The very best that could be found.

Some Christians are more successful,  
And possessed of greater talent,  
And constantly have their hands full ;  
Their whole life's in Christ's service spent ;

And they to Jesus many led  
Of those who were on the broad way,  
And were by their instructions fed,  
And comforted from day to day.

The hundred fold these represent,  
As in the parable we see,  
These were by Christ prepared and sent  
To preach salvation full and free ;  
The sixty fold's another class,  
Who also work and do much good,  
And great zeal for their Master has,  
And firmly for the faith have stood.

God's work of grace cannot be stopped,  
But will come to maturity,  
'Tis true it may be sometimes clogged,  
But destroyed all can never be ;  
The Spirit does refresh the soul,  
When 'tis weary, faint, and drooping,  
And will both heal and make it whole,  
While it with His presence soothing.

Believers grow in ev'ry grace,  
Faith, hope, and love still increasing,  
Advancing in the Christian race,  
Though they think themselves receding :  
Perfection truly is their goal,  
And they will reach it ev'ry one,  
And lost there will not be one soul ;  
They'll all reach the Heav'nly mansion.

To which land, friend, do you belong,  
Of the several we did mention ;  
This indeed is no idle song,  
But what should engage attention ;  
The wise man will this consider,  
And think it over in his mind ;  
Precious time he will not fritter,  
His heart's to higher things inclined.

Many have read this parable,  
But without improvement any ;  
To them it was not profitable,  
And sad to say they're the many ;  
Their minds on other things were set ;  
On this they would not duly think ;  
With worldly thoughts their hearts were fed  
Till they found themselves on death's brink.

A few may be converted late,  
And they for fruit have not much time ;  
They enter in at the strait gate,  
But in their life-time did not shine ;  
Their whole life was almost a blank,  
Something like the thief on the cross,  
Their deeds were but weeds, tall and rank ;  
Hay, wood, and stubble, and such dross.

Go, preacher, sow the seed in faith,  
And in ev'ry land, good or bad ;  
Sow it then in the daylight fair,  
As opportunity is had ;

Sow it while the bright moon doth shine,  
And also in the twilight gray ;  
Sow in the morning bright and fine,  
And in the heat of the noonday.

The precious seed's the Word of God,  
Which must be in earnest spoken ;  
Our example is Christ the Lord,  
Who spoke as ne'er man had spoken ;  
Must be spoken by those who know  
What they try to teach to others ;  
These will sow the seed, as they go,  
In all lands, and by all waters.

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### THE TREASURE.

Matt. 13 : 44.

**T**HERE'S a treasure hid in a field,  
Which is from the vain world concealed ;  
This treasure is a wealth untold,  
For lasting ages to unfold.

This treasure is for all who seek,  
Provided they will dig down deep ;  
If they the search will but begin,  
They any time may find a sum.

If you will persevere in search,  
You will some time the fortune reach ;  
But should you give up in despair,  
Your search was but a vain affair.

Jesus Christ is the fortune this,  
Which from the world conceal'd is ;  
He is the treasure of the soul,  
Richer by far than Klondike gold.

He's in the Bible to be found,  
And in the Gospel's joyful sound ;  
He who for Him will search, will find  
A treasure of the richest kind.

'Tis a treasure which never fails,  
But that lasts when the sun decays ;  
When earth and stars have passed away,  
That treasure will still with you stay.

It makes me richer than the kings  
Who wear gold crowns and diamond rings,  
Who live in marble palaces,  
And drink from golden chalices.

They must some time their crowns give up,  
Perhaps to those they do not love ;  
From halls and palaces remove,  
And oft the change they sadly rue.

The wealth which in this field is found  
Shall not diminish but abound ;  
And we need from it ne'er depart ;  
It is all ours and ev'ry part.

All your possessions, friend, do sell,  
That you may buy this field yourself ;  
And that the treasure you may own,  
As by the Word of God is shown.

To sell is to give up your sin,  
And to walk in the way that's clean ;  
'Tis to give up the evil way  
That ends in ruin and dismay.

If the wicked forsake his thought,  
Which is all with destruction fraught,  
And will at once return to God,  
He'll receive and forgive him all.

How bless'd to be enriched with grace,  
Which Christ the Lord doth give to us :  
Sin hath left our souls destitute,  
But Christ can righteousness impute.

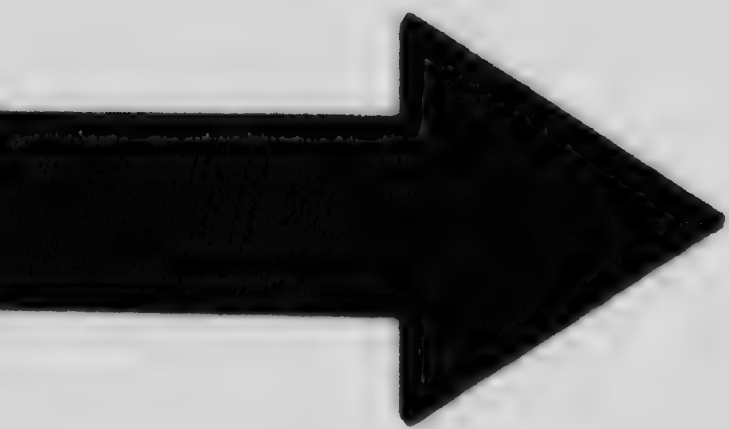
The wealth He bestows has no end,  
And none its blessings comprehend ;  
It enriches the soul and mind  
Of those who happily do find.

This wealth alone will satisfy,  
Though God us other wealth deny ;  
It brings contentment to the heart,  
Which never shall from it depart.

The wealth that ever lasts is best ;  
This wealth is best because 'tis blest,  
And then brings no annoying care  
But joy and peace beyond compare.

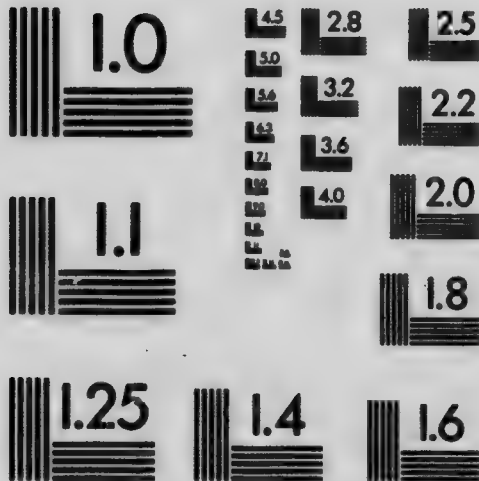
'Tis the salvation of the soul,  
'Tis bliss and bliss forever more ;  
'Tis joy and peace that can't be told,  
Nor all eternity unfold.





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

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Seek earnestly, my friend, do seek,  
Lose not a treasure, such as this ;  
Or the loss you'll fore'er deplore,  
When opportunity's no more.

---

### ETERNITY.

Isa. 57 : 15.

**E**TERNITY ! What does that mean ?  
Eternity, the vast unseen,  
Without beginning or an end,  
Which none on earth can comprehend ;  
When we imagine more and more,  
We are still yet upon her shore ;  
Imagination's utmost wing  
To span her is a futile thing.

Time with Eternity compare  
As endless distance to a hair,  
Or grain of sand to all the earth,  
When in the balance weighed is light ;  
Or one drop from the ocean vast,  
Compared with ev'ry drop it has ;  
Or as a single blade of grass  
To ev'ry blade that ever was.

But Eternity has no end,  
But does infinitely extend ;  
Her fittest emblem is a ring,  
Which, you see, is an endless thing,

Which e'er may be revolved round,  
But never can its end be found ;  
In ev'ry part it is the same,  
And does forever so remain.

Eternity must be of God,  
For 'tis from Him proceedeth all ;  
Nothing without Him can e'er be,  
Whether we can or can't it see ;  
All things eternal are of Him,  
As well as all things by us seen ;  
Whether in Heaven or on Earth,  
They from His hand have had their birth.

When the earth has all pass'd away,  
And moons shall neither wax nor wane ;  
When the sun has decayed of age,  
And stars do not send forth a ray ;  
When waves have ceased to beat the shore,  
And winds shall not blow any more,  
Eternity remains the same  
Without a change or a decay.

God inhabits Eternity,  
The Holy Three in unity,  
Where all is happiness and peace,  
And songs of joy shall never cease ;  
Prepare me, Lord, for that abode  
Ere life's brief day is past and o'er,  
An inhabitant to become  
Of that eternal and fair home.

Man is only nonentity  
When compared with Eternity ;  
A speck of perishable earth,  
Haunted by troubles from his birth ;  
His mental powers so weak and frail,  
And will at last entirely fail ;  
His body crumbles into dust,  
From which it fashioned was at first.

All our years fly so swiftly by ;  
We only enter life and die ;  
Ere we take heed we have grown old,  
Our life is like a tale that's told ;  
Few and uncertain are our days,  
Though many things our minds engage ;  
While we are thinking we are safe,  
We may just then be called away.

We may be called to land unknown,  
Where the majority have gone ;  
Whence no traveller e'er comes back,  
To tell us the least thing of that  
Which is hid in Eternity ;  
Those things which now we cannot see,  
Where all without a change is fixed,  
And good or evil is unmixed.

Nor is there change in condition,  
Nor any in disposition ;  
All things remain in the same state,  
There can be no change, 'tis too late ;

Things in their nature will remain  
Forever and fore'er the same ;  
No improvement can then be made,  
Nor can the perfect retrograde.

But all the wicked will grow worse,  
Sinking for ever under curse ;  
Their misery increasing still,  
While awful terrors do them fill ;  
They sink in the bottomless pit,  
Its nature is to sink down deep ;  
Their sorrows there fore'er increase,  
And their sore wailings never cease.

But then their nature is not changed,  
From the right way they're e'er estranged ;  
They continue in their sad plight  
Without e'er tasting of delight ;  
The time for repentance is past,  
The day of mercy won't e'er last ;  
They lost the everlasting prize,  
Which brings them sorrow, tears and cries.

When twice a thousand years have passed,  
We're not a whit nearer the last ;  
When ten thousand years have gone by,  
We have not to the end come nigh ;  
When ten millions have rolled away,  
We're not nearer the last a day ;  
When one hundred millions have gone,  
We are then nearer the end none.

Suppose the world of sand was made,  
A drop of water not contained ;  
Of years then reckon one thousand,  
A thousand for each grain of sand  
That can in the whole world be found  
From surface to the centre down ;  
This falls short of Eternity,  
For a limit to her can't be.

The question is, Where shall I be  
Spending the vast Eternity,  
And how shall it there fare with me  
In ages of Infinity ?  
Where shall be my place of abode ?  
Shall I be on the streets of gold,  
Or in the abode of despair,  
Where of bright hope there's not a ray ?

I must either in Heaven dwell,  
Or within the precincts of hell ;  
At death I pass from here away,  
For in this world I cannot stay ;  
Angels will carry me to Heav'n,  
Where ev'ry comfort will be giv'n,  
Or I'll open my eyes in hell,  
Where Satan the bright angel fell.

Thus it will be with all our race,  
For there is not another place ;  
To either of these we must go,  
And live fore'er in peace or woe,

Drinking e'er from life's river pure  
With all the holy and the true,  
Or with the fallen angels live  
In lasting sorrow, pain and grief.

How glorious in Heav'n 'twill be  
When all its beauties we shall see ;  
When from its pleasures we'll drink deep,  
Where joy will not permit to sleep ;  
Where we're alive to ev'ry thing,  
And the redemptive song e'er sing,  
Rejoicing in all that is done  
To honor Father and His Son.

How good when these shall last for aye,  
Untouched by chilling blast or age ;  
Where buoyant youth shall ever reign  
In that Heavenly home so fair ;  
Where no departings e'er take place  
And friends can see each other's face ;  
Where conversation is of Christ,  
And of His wondrous work of grace.

Unchangeableness adds to bliss,  
In such a happy state as this,  
Where all is joy and happiness,  
And the least care shall never press ;  
The Kingdom is established sure  
To last from age to age secure ;  
No storm shall reach its peaceful shore,  
While endless ages past shall roll.

But, friend, there is another state  
Where all is misery and hate ;  
Where pain and sorrow ceaseth not,  
And joy and pleasure are forgot ;  
'Tis continuance of this state  
That makes hell's miseries so great ;  
Sin by nature is progressive,  
And its punishment excessive.

If sufferings there would some time cease,  
The very thought would bring some ease ;  
To know that mercy would return,  
And that the fire would cease to burn,  
Would in some way the pain assuage,  
And abate its devouring rage ;  
Would make its sorrows lighter feel,  
And conscience' pains a little heal.

To know that pain will continue  
Increases pain in ev'ry sinew,  
Adds to the sufferings despair ;  
These pains the soul and body share  
Without the least mitigation,  
Nor the hope of their cessation,  
In the dark, fiery, burning lake  
With no water their thirst to slake.

Could one but get from its confines  
To where showers fall and the sun shines ;  
Where peace and comfort could be found  
And men of joy could hear the sound ;

But there can be no change of place,  
Nor of the miserable state ;  
Exit from the place none can find,  
But must stay there fore'er confined.

Time is the season to prepare  
For that Heavenly land so fair ;  
If men would but take heed in time,  
They might attain the Heav'nly clime,  
Where dwell peace and joy forever,  
And miseries enter never ;  
Where living fountains always flow,  
And balmy breezes ever blow.

But time unimproved soon flies past  
As fleecy clouds that winds drive fast ;  
Which are but for a moment seen,  
And then blue sky where they had been ;  
This is an emblem of man's day,  
Which does so quickly pass away ;  
In his place he is no more found,  
Nor of his voice is heard the sound.

Yet in time improved much is done,  
If improvement is once begun,  
And is continued to the end,  
Which God Himself does recommend ;  
They that thus persevere are saved,  
And are forever happy made ;  
And shall with Christ their Saviour rest  
In the fair mansions of the blest.

But time once lost returns no more ;  
The day that's past is ever o'er ;  
The present moment then improve,  
God's blessed favor to secure ;  
A golden nugget is contained  
In ev'ry minute of the day,  
And will be found by those who search,  
For none but they the treasure reach.

The question is, How shall it be  
During Eternity with me ?  
Where then shall be my dwelling place ;  
What the inhabitants or race ?  
Shall I in Heav'nly Canaan be  
With the saints in felicity ;  
Or shall I in thick darkness dwell  
With the angels that from Heav'n fell ?

What, dear friend, would it benef  
If the whole world and all in it  
Were by right of possession thine ?  
You could own it but little time,  
And then must fore'er give it up,  
While others the possession get ;  
For man can nothing with him take,  
But return naked to the grave.

How dreadful that wealth will but pain  
All such as their hearts to it gave,  
Who loved it, and made it their God ;  
To it gave time, and thought and all ;

The rust of gold shall burn their flesh  
Where there's no water to refresh,  
And where no succour can be found,  
And where increasing pains abound.

Oh Lord, do now my soul prepare,  
Lest I should have an entrance there,  
And open my eyes in despair,  
And must forever there remain ;  
Where the voice of friendship ne'er goes,  
And all the inmates are but foes ;  
Where ev'ry scene brings sorrow sore,  
Rending hearts to the very core.

Prepare me for the mansion bright  
Where there is fulness of delight,  
Where change and trouble never come,  
In that Heavenly, peaceful home,  
Where angels move of brightest wing,  
And the sweet Halleluiahs sing,  
Filling each heart with joy and love  
In the Heavenly courts above.

I will be good with the holy throng,  
Singing e'er the redemptive song,  
With prophets and apostles too,  
To their profession, who were true ;  
And with Christ, which is best of all,  
Where we shall praise the triune God ;  
Where Jesus is our mighty friend,  
And so remains, world without end.

THE MONTH OF MAY

---

**N**OW is the bonny month of May,  
And men are busy all the day ;  
The farm work has commenced indeed,  
And men are busy sowing seed.

The teams work all the live-long day,  
Though some complain they're scarce of hay ;  
But no cessation is of work ;  
The horse must pull for all he's worth.

And now man works with all his might,  
Sometimes until the dark of night,  
While sweat pours down his manly face,  
As in a Caledonian race.

This has been the case since the fall,  
That men show a labor, each and all ;  
Eat bread by the sweat of their brow,  
Which is abundantly proved now.

The blade's beginning up to spring,  
And farmers whistle now and sing ;  
For now their hearts are full of hopes  
Of an abundant crop of oats.

The evenings oft are somewhat cool ;  
The wise have underclothes of wool ;  
Some nights there is a little frost,  
When winds are cold and from the north.

But May is still a bonny month,  
With winds oft blowing from the south,  
Bringing refreshing showers of rain,  
Which open up the soil again.

The grass is growing rapidly,  
Where fields of snow were wont to be ;  
The sheep are grazing on the hills,  
And cattle by the running rills.

Sometimes the rain pours down amain,  
But soon the weather's clear again ;  
The sun shines bright in the blue sky,  
And soon again the land is dry.

The bud is seen upon the trees,  
And some are bursting into leaves ;  
The flowers are mostly in the bud ;  
But few began to open yet.

The round-tree wears her mantle white,  
Hinting that summer is in sight ;  
Her kind message thus delivers,  
Whilst in the chill winds she shivers.

Birds of passage have just returned ;  
In winter days they had sojourned ;  
And now they cheer us with their song,  
As they in woods their notes prolong.

The swallow's back, a sign of spring ;  
We love to see her on the wing ;  
Her evolutions graceful, quick ;  
She changes place ere eye can wink.

Again the peddler is around ;  
In winter business up he wound ;  
With May has his appearance made,  
And now is doing lively trade.

The fisherman has launched his boat,  
And donned his yellow hat and coat,  
And in the sea has dropped his net,  
And's catching herring by the neck.

He'll sell his fish ten cents per score,  
Some think that is their price and more ;  
And if they were in Newfoundland,  
They'd buy them cheaper on the strand.

Some men are busy making cheese,  
And some engaged the sheep to fleece ;  
Some to the factory send milk,  
Because it will pay best, they think.

May came into this world so poor ;  
April but little did procure ;  
All the earth was famished and wan,  
Of flowers and leaves there were none.

The breezes of May restored life,  
While the warm sun shone from above,  
And showers came down from on high,  
When cloudy and dark was the sky.

Then soon vegetation sprang up,  
And covered with beauty the earth ;  
All things look so fresh and so gay,  
When drawing to close is the May.

Flowers of May indeed are few,  
And then so tender, sweet, and new ;  
The dandelion's first in fields,  
That to the eye a pleasure yields ;

Plenty by the roadside it grows,  
Cheering the passer-by that goes,  
Looking so pure and golden bright,  
As if emitting solar light.

The cowslips growing by the brook,  
Which from the sun their color took,  
Appear bright and golden yellow,  
And to the eye so rich and mellow.

'Tis God sends the rain and sunshine  
That make the world to look so fine,  
Robing field and forest in green,  
Delightful indeed to be seen.

Whate'er is beautiful and fine  
Has had an origin Divine ;  
God gives their beauty to the flow'rs  
Feeds them with sunshine and with show'rs.

The seedtime as promised has come  
Though doubtful still there may be some ;  
But yet the promise is fulfilled  
By Him who has all blessings willed.

As soon as her days were complete,  
Her store-house with riches replete,  
May gave her successor the key ;  
Her treasures to June she gave free.

Great was the success of the May  
O'ercoming all things in her way ;  
Opponents before her did pale ;  
Her triumphs with gladness we hail.

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### THE MONTH OF JUNE

---

'Tis now the lovely month of June,  
And woods and fields are all in bloom ;  
The wind comes soft o'er hill and vale,  
And flow'rs and grasses gently wave.

The winter's icy sway is o'er ;  
His chilling blasts are felt no more ;  
But balmy breezes from the sea  
Move gently o'er the verdant lea.

Balsam odors of spruce and pine,  
As well as the blue ocean's brine,  
And oxygen from maple leaves  
Mingle together in the breeze.

The full-blown flow'rs that grace the spring,  
Cast their aroma on the wing  
Of ev'ry breeze of wind that blows,  
Adding the fragrance of the rose.

Now dandelions bright are seen  
Adding their beauty to the scene,  
Like golden sovereigns they look,  
As they grow up in Nature's book ;

These are in rich profusion found  
By the roadside and fields around,  
Expanding out to greet the sun,  
And still more beauty get from him.

The cultivated fields are green ;  
The tender blade on them is seen,  
Waving so gently in the breeze,  
Like tiny ripples on the seas.

With clovers also, white and red,  
The fields are beautifully flecked ;  
All Nature looks so fresh and fair,  
And light and healthful is the air.

The apple blossoms white appear  
In all the orchards, far and near ;  
Laden with blossoms are the trees,  
And petals flying in the breeze.

Low down the berry blossoms peep ;  
The showers and moistening dew to greet ;  
They look so pure and white and clean,  
When by the showers they washed have been.

The ferns that grow profusely wild,  
Giving their scent on ev'ry side,  
Are more refreshing to the view,  
Whilst they are tender yet and new.

The lilac bush, so gay and fair,  
Invested is with beauty rare ;  
Its tassels, colored purple-white,  
Are lovely to the gazer's sight.

Beautiful's the forest hoary,  
When all Nature's robed in glory,  
When the sun pours his golden rays  
On leafy trees in summer days.

I love to roam in forests deep,  
And get at the blue sky a peep,  
And hear the music of the leaves  
When winds blow soft among the trees.

The pigeon-berries' blossoms white,  
Looking so pure and clean and bright,  
Are pleasing indeed to behold,  
Where lately lodged the snow so cold.

They grow upon the barren wild,  
Where they spring up so sweet and mild,  
Where, planted by Jehovah's hand,  
They beautify the barren land.

They cheer us by the highway side,  
Where by travellers they are eyed,  
And waken in us thoughts of love,  
Which raise our minds to things above.

With placid beauty all they shine,  
Which shows their Maker is Divine ;  
God has given them their beauty,  
And to praise Him is our duty.

The farmer now may take some rest,  
Because in May he did his best ;  
He lays his breast upon the fence,  
And trusts for crop to Providence,

How happy is the feathered tribe !  
You see them fly on ev'ry side,  
See the gay plumage of their wing,  
And hear the mellow notes they sing.

The bee is busy all the day,  
Gathering honey while she may  
From ev'ry flower of the field,  
Which does the precious treasure yield.

About the fields the cattle roam,  
Abundant grass for them has grown ;  
They now enjoy a rich repast  
While pastures fresh and green do last.

Lambs frisk and frolic in the sun ;  
They caper and about they run ;  
To them 'tis a world of pleasure,  
For they seek no higher treasure.

The horse has had his pains relaxed ;  
In May he was with labor taxed ;  
He can now get some days of ease,  
And graze in field just as he please.

The fleecy clouds 'tis nice to see,  
Driven by winds on ether sea,  
Casting their shadows on the earth,  
Which the eye follows with delight.

These are an emblem of frail man,  
Whose time on earth is but a span ;  
They pass on to the other side ;  
We look in vain ; we can't them find.

So sweet and peaceful is each scene  
In June, of months the most serene,  
When Nature stands in living green  
As she had first in Eden been.

Yet in June there's sometimes a storm,  
When dark clouds gather up and form,  
And vivid lightnings from them flash,  
Followed by the loud thunder's crash.

And then the rain in torrents falls,  
Sometimes accompanied by squalls ;  
The dust is settled down complete,  
And fields and forests look so sweet.

But June is still a lovely month  
With balmy breezes from the south ;  
And though we can't tell whence they came,  
We get their comfort all the same.

The various scenes our fancy please,  
Our interest in all increase,  
Administer to us delight ;  
We praise the God that gave us sight.

All Nature is so gaily dressed ;  
The fields have by the Lord been blessed ;  
Such beauty by Jehovah giv'n,  
But a faint emblem is of Heav'n.

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THE MONTH OF JULY

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**J**ULY has come in his glory,  
And all Nature's clad in beauty ;  
The hills and valleys, dressed in green,  
Are now in all their glory seen.

Buttercups of brightest hue,  
Nourished by the clear sparkling dew,  
Growing profusely o'er the land,  
All clad in golden beauty stand.

The daisy white waves in the grass,  
Showing the sunny core she has ;  
And is in all the meadows found,  
Beautifying the scene around.

And now in all the meadows spread  
Are clovers beautifully red ;  
The bloom upon the grass is fair,  
And warm and balmy is the air.

We love the cool breeze from the Strait,  
When now the mid-day heat is great ;  
At eve comes the Atlantic breeze,  
And gives us comfort and sweet ease.

The boats are white upon the sea,  
And in them many fishers be,  
Seeking the treasures of the deep,  
That they may homes in comfort keep.

Of this craft were Peter and John,  
And many good men later on,  
Who have dragged their full nets to shore,  
From West Cape unto Labrador.

The fisherman's wife sits at ease,  
And sings a sonnet him to please,  
And at her husband kindly looks,  
While codfish on the fire she cooks.

The farmer leisurely walks out,  
And all his fields goes round about ;  
To see which of his crops best grow,  
The last or first that he did sow ;

He carefully will watch his crop ;  
Feels satisfied that thieves won't rob ;  
Sees it improving ev'ry day,  
Feels glad that labor it will pay.

The farmer is well pleased with fields  
Which unto him abundance yields ;  
He sees the grass wave to and fro  
When the fresh July breezes blow.

The forest now's in leafy bloom,  
Casting on earth a shady gloom,  
Refreshing us in summer heat,  
When in the shade we take our seat ;

There numberless wild beasts do roam,  
Who in deep forest have their home ;  
And birds of sweetest notes do sing,  
Making the woods with song to ring.

All Nature now is at her best ;  
By Nature's God she has been blest ;  
Her beauty words can never paint ;  
Man's utmost effort is but faint.

Wild strawberries are plentiful ;  
The boys come home with dishes full,  
And sell them at five cents per quart,  
And this is all that they are worth.

The fruits are forming on the trees,  
And man the tiny apple sees ;  
The cherries green, and plums appear,  
Promising plenty fruit the year.

Potato fields, with blossoms white,  
Are seen on all sides, left and right ;  
Some blossoms are of purple hue,  
All nourished by the sparkling dew.

All grains are breaking into head,  
And growing beautitully up,  
Nourished by sunshine and by rain,  
Which fructify and ripen grain.

There are heavy storms in July,  
When in the Heav'ns the lightnings fly ;  
And then the awful thunders' roar,  
Like to destroy all before.

The rains sometimes in torrents fall,  
Until the drains are running all,  
And grass and flowers are drenched wet,  
And streams and ponds are richly fed.

When such storms occur in the night,  
Indeed most dreadful is the sight,  
And still more terrible the sound  
That shakes even the very ground.

And now the sun is truly hot,  
When it has unto mid-day got ;  
The animals take to the shade,  
When of the heat they are afraid.

Man that earns bread by sweat of brow  
Must work though hot the sun does grow ;  
Toil at his daily task he must  
In scorching heat and choking dust.

But others who are better off  
Will at the poorer sometimes scoff,  
Whilst they are sitting at their ease  
In shade of ornamental trees.

The noise of the mower we hear  
In all the meadows far and near ;  
And whole fields are cut in a day,  
When men are busy making hay.

The raspberries are ripening fast ;  
Their flavor on the breeze they cast ;  
And are delicious to the taste,  
As well as wholesome in the paste.

The pea-blossoms are darkly red,  
As by the dews and sunshine fed ;  
But some are beautifully white,  
As they appear in the sunlight.

God has all Nature beautified,  
Was with Creation satisfied ;  
At first was all exceeding good ;  
Such was Creation as it stood.

The earth fertility has lost,  
Which to mankind has labor cost ;  
Yet rich is the cultivated spot,  
And good is the return that's got.

Rich is the crop of grains and fruits,  
And of the vegetable roots ;  
Abundance is for man and beast ;  
The rich man often has a feast.

Wild roses are all in their bloom,  
Their greatest beauty now assume ;  
They give their fragrance to the breeze,  
Which nasal sense ever please.

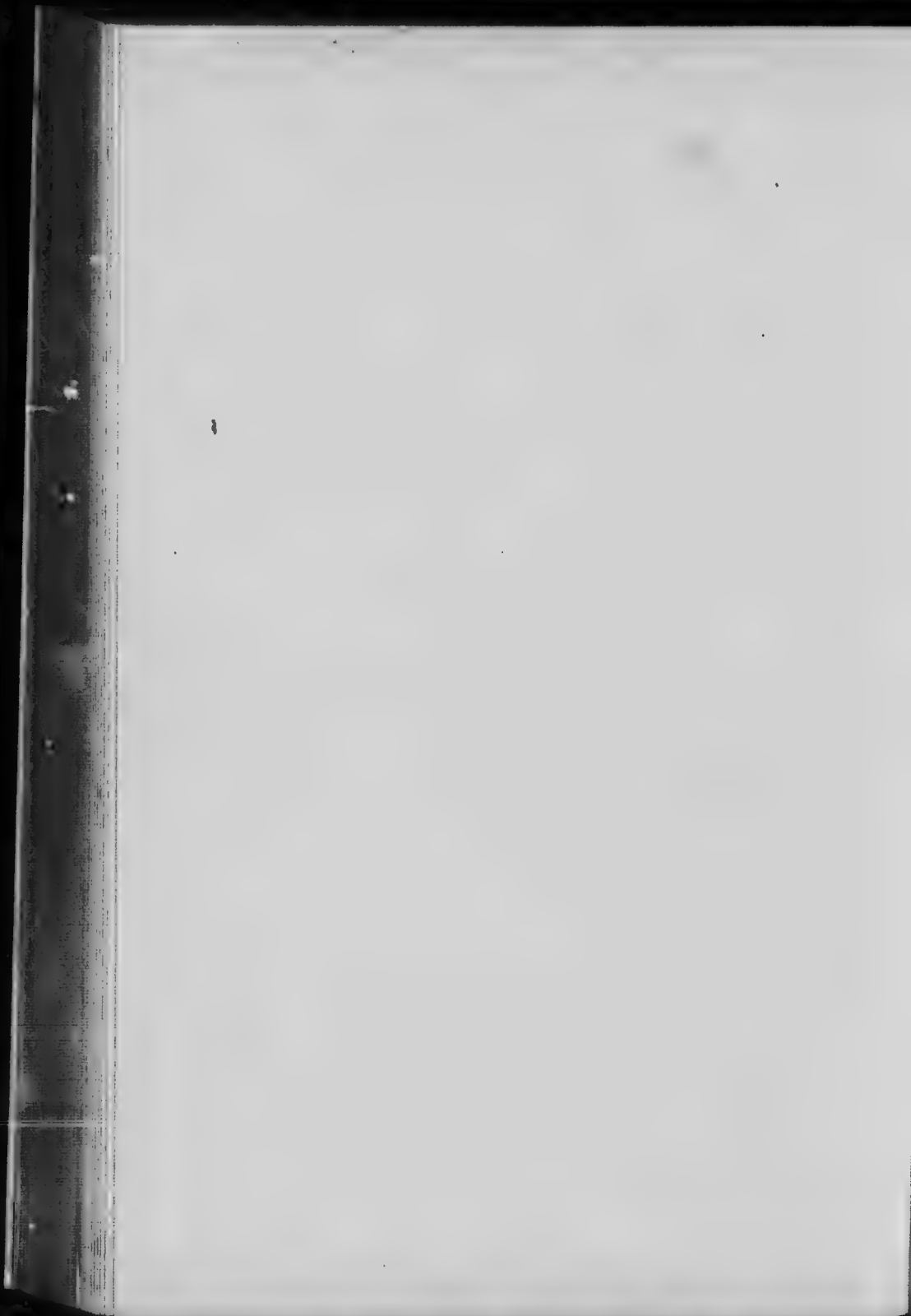
Though warm and sultry is July,  
Yet often beautiful's the sky ;  
When all the stars are out at night  
Entrancing is the very sight.

The God of Nature and of Grace  
Has beautified Creation's face  
With flow'rs, with grasses, and with trees,  
And put the tints upon their leaves.

Let all Creation sing God's praise,  
And mankind high thence raise,  
Giving glory unto Him alone,  
For He is worthy of the same !



# HYMNS



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## Symms

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I

(Tune—*Rockingham*)

L. M.

- 1 Now, Lord ! we at Thy table sit,  
As in Thy Word Thou dost us bid ;  
May then our thoughts be fixed on Thee,  
Who bled and died on Calvary.
- 2 This bread our Saviour's body is,  
Sore broken on the Cross for us ;  
And this cup is His precious blood,  
Which He for our salvation shed.
- 3 May we these symbols take by faith ;  
And all our minds on Christ be stayed,  
That He be to us bread of life,  
Which came down from Heaven above.
- 4 This day our souls, Lord, richly bless,  
As we our faith in Thee profess ;  
Grant us communion, full and free,  
Oh, risen Saviour, now with Thee.

- 5 All glory be in earth and Heav'n  
To Him who this love-feast has giv'n ;  
Who thus His Love to men revealed,  
And with His blood the cov'nant sealed.
- 6 We go forth to a world of sin,  
Where fraud and strife are daily seen ;  
Where Christ our Lord was crucified ;  
Is by the multitude despised.
- 7 May we prove faithful unto death,  
That we may win the crown of life ;  
He who continues to the end  
Will prove that he was Jesus' friend.
- 

## 2

(Tune—*Kilmarnock*)

C. M.

- 1 This we do to remember Thee  
Who suffered in our stead ;  
Who bled and died upon the tree,  
Our souls to save from death.
- 2 Lord, bid our fears and doubts to cease ;  
Strength to the weak impart ;  
Our faith and love and hope increase,  
And make us pure in heart.
- 3 The bread upon the table set,  
Of which Thou'st said, Take, eat,  
Thy broken body represent ;  
Who eats by faith shall live,

- 4 The wine poured red into the cup,  
Of which Thou bad'st us drink,  
Stands for the blood Thou'st shed for us,  
To wash our souls from sin.
- 5 We praise and honor give to Thee  
Who did this feast ordain ;  
Who called poor sinners such as we,  
And bade us to partake.
- 6 May none of us a traitor prove  
To Him who so loved us ;  
But still continue to improve  
In ev'ry Christian grace.
- 7 We wait Thy coming, Saviour dear,  
A love to Thee we've giv'n ;  
We shall rejoice when Thou appear  
In the bright clouds of Heav'n.
- 8 Abide with us, Lord, day and night  
While we on earth remain ;  
Prepare us for the mansions bright,  
Where with Thee we shall reign.
- 

3

(Tune—*Evening Hymn*)

L. M.

- 1 Our festal day has come again ;  
With joy we to God's house repair :  
And our dear Lord's command obey ;  
Do this, till I come, He did say.

- 2 We mourn Thine absence, Saviour dear,  
And long till Thou on earth appear ;  
While pilgrims in the world we stay,  
We're from Thy person far away.
- 3 For us Thou'st suffered when on earth,  
And for us Thou wert put to death ;  
For us a crown of thorns didst bear ;  
And in Thy soul didst suffer pain.
- 4 We see the emblems of Thy death,  
Here in the cup and in the bread ;  
These symbols Thou didst then ordain,  
And called believers to partake.
- 5 That Jesus loved us He did prove  
When He did suffer in our room :  
When He laid down for us His life,  
He gave the greatest proof of love.
- 6 May we then prove our love to Him,  
By never going into sin ;  
By walking in His perfect ways ;  
Doing what in His Word He says.
- 7 Give us, Lord, grace for ev'ry day  
While in this desert place we stray ;  
Away from our dear home on high,  
For which we often long and sigh.
- 8 Create in us a cleanly heart.  
Lest we should from Thy way depart ;  
Fill us while here with grace and peace,  
And into Paradise receive.

4

(Tune—*Boylston*)

S. M.

- 1 At Thy command, O Lord,  
We've to Thy table come ;  
For Thou say'st in Thy holy Word,  
That this should so be done.
- 2 We would the world forget,  
And have a joyful time ;  
Would nearer to Thee, Saviour, get  
And greet Thy loving smile.
- 3 Sore wounds Thou'st borne for me  
In Thy feet, hands and head,  
When Thou didst die on Calvary,  
And from Thy side flowed blood.
- 4 Bread and wine represent  
Thy body and Thy blood,  
And are upon the table set ;  
Believers, take of both.
- 5 Praise, glory, honor be  
To Him who died for us ;  
That we His spirit might receive  
And quickened be from death.
- 6 Oh, Holy Spirit, come  
In all Thy blesséd pow'rs,  
And fill with gratitude and love,  
These stony hearts of ours.

- 7 To Father, Son, and Spirit,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be praise, domin and glory,  
Now and forever more.
- 

5

(Tune—*St. Agnes*)

103

- 1 1 Once more, dear Lord, we at Thy table sit,  
As in Thy holy Word Thou dost us bid ;  
May all our thoughts be fully fixed on Thee,  
Who bled and died for us on Calvary.
- 2 This bread our blessed Saviour's body is,  
Sore broken on the cruel cross for us ;  
And in this cup we see His precious blood,  
Which He in love for our salvation shed.
- 3 May we these symbols take by living faith,  
And all our minds on Christ be fully stayed ;  
May He be to our souls the bread of life,  
Which came down to us from Heaven above.
- 4 This day our souls, Lord, do Thou richly bless,  
As we our faith in Thee alone profess ;  
Grant unto us Communion, full and free ;  
Foretastes of Heaven on the Mount with Thee.
- 5 Glory be to Him in earth and Heaven,  
Who this love feast has unto us given ;  
In this His everlasting love's revealed,  
And the New Covenant forever sealed.

- 6 We now go forth into a world of sin,  
Where wickedness and strife are daily seen ;  
Wherein our Saviour dear was crucified,  
Where by the multitude He's still despised.
- 7 May we prove faithful, even unto death,  
That we may get the lasting crown of life ;  
Those who continue steadfast to the end  
Will find in Christ a mighty, loving friend.
- 

6

(Tune—*Communion*)

L. M.

- 1 This day we would remember Thee,  
Who died for us upon the tree ;  
Who shed for us Thy precious blood ;  
For our sins laid Thee with the dead.
- 2 We would to-day repent of sin ;  
Do Thou, Lord, melt our hearts within ;  
Grant us the penitential tear ;  
In love remove our guilt and fear.
- 3 The bread upon the table set  
Thy broken body represent ;  
Of which Thou'st said, Take ye and eat,  
Who eats by faith shall ever live.
- 4 The wine poured red into the cup,  
Stands for the blood Thou'st shed for us ;  
To wash our souls from ev'ry sin ;  
Believers all, drink ye of it.

- 5 May we now, Jesus, hear Thy voice,  
And see the beaming of Thy face ;  
Have joy as Thy disciples had  
When with Thee at the feast they sat.
- 6 The world and Satan still entice,  
And lusts within us still do fight ;  
Help us, Lord, in the evil hour,  
And we will conquer in Thy pow'r.
- 7 Be with us while we're here below,  
And when through Jordan we do go ;  
Till we join the bright throng above,  
And sing of Thy redeeming love.
- 

## 7

(Tune—*Old Hundred*)

- 1 We've come into Thy courts, O Lord,  
And sing with joy our morning song—  
Glory be to the Father, Son,  
And Holy Spirit, three in one.
- 2 We bless and praise Thy holy name,  
Who through the week hast kept us safe,  
No evil has to us come nigh ;  
Preserved is body, soul, and mind.
- 3 This is the day the Lord has giv'n,  
That sinners might prepare for Heav'n,  
That their weak bodies might get rest,  
And seeking souls be greatly blest.

- 4 Let no vain thoughts our minds distract,  
Though Satan and the world attack ;  
Nor let an impure thought arise,  
And Jesus from our vision hide.
  - 5 Our thoughts and minds, Lord, solemnize ;  
Affections raise to things on high,  
The things which are in Heav'n above,  
Where all is joy, and peace, and love.
- 

## 8

(Tune—*Duke Street*)

L. M.

- 1 Early we seek Thee, Saviour dear ;  
In mercy unto us draw near :  
Remember not our former sin,  
And what we in the past have been.
- 2 To our requests, Lord, bow Thine ear ;  
Our prayers graciously hear :  
In Jesus look on us to-day ;  
For His sake put our sins away.
- 3 The hard and stony hearts, O Lord,  
Pierce with the arrows of Thy Word ;  
Restore in them Thine image bright,  
Which the old serpent did deface.
- 4 May now Thy servant speak with power,  
As our dear Saviour did before,  
That deep impressions may be made,  
And sinners from their slumbers wake.

## 9

(Tune—*Evan*)

C. M.

- 1 It was my sins that caused Christ's death ;  
For me He agonized ;  
For me He shed His precious blood,  
And on the cross expired.
- 2 No one my Saviour did compel  
To sufferings so sore ;  
He laid down His life of Himself,  
For my sins to atone.
- 3 My sins did fill His face with shame,  
And pierced His hands and feet :  
He felt and suffered all the same,  
As if my sins were His.
- 4 There of my sins He made an end ;  
They vanished far away ;  
The Father then became my friend  
Forever and for aye.
- 5 Oh, how shall I His praise proclaim,  
Who am so weak and vile ;  
Oh, how shall I advance His fame,  
Who is so great and high.
- 6 But I'm resolved to do my share ;  
I shall not silent be :  
But with my tongue I will Him praise,  
Who gave Himself for me.

## IO

(Tune—*Martyrdom*)

C. M.

- 1 The Son of God shed precious blood  
On sad Mount Calvary,  
When He laid down His life for us,  
That we might saved be.
  - 2 That blood has power to cleanse from sin  
The soul that is defiled ;  
And make it pure and white within  
When savingly applied.
  - 3 Lord, give me a sense of my need  
Of that great cleansing pow'r ;  
Grant me the guilt of sin to feel  
In my immortal soul.
  - 4 And may I know the blessed peace  
That comes by sin forgiv'n,  
And ev'ry day in grace increase  
Till I'm prepared for Heav'n.
  - 5 The precious blood shall be my theme  
While in this world I stay ;  
And in eternity I sing  
In the bright endless day.
- 

## II

(Tune—*Martyrdom*)

C. M.

- 1 God loved us ere the world began,  
And ere the sun He made,  
Ere the bright stars their courses ran,  
Or moon did wax or wane.

- 2 How wonderful this love to me,  
Who am a sinner vile !  
He could in me no beauty see,  
That he should me desire.
- 3 Sin made me loathsome in God's sight,  
And did corrupt my soul,  
Destroyed in me that image bright  
Which He Himself bestowed.
- 4 But God did love me, this I know ;  
How wonderful His grace,  
To save me from the depths of woe !  
Is this not truly love ?
- 5 No one can this love comprehend,  
For it is infinite ;  
And none can ever know its end  
Nor where it did begin.
- 6 Oh ! praise Him then who did us love  
From all eternity ;  
Who sent His Son our souls to save,  
And bring us to glory.
- 

12

(Tune—*Tranquility*)

L. M.

- 1 There is a land of peaceful rest,  
Where dwell the spirits of the blest,  
Where far from earthly scenes away,  
They live in peace and love alway.

- 2 Their labors on the earth did end ;  
Now none their joys can comprehend ;  
For now they walk 'n garments white,  
And drink from rivers of delight.
- 3 They once were much tried and distressed ;  
Oft by the wicked were oppressed ;  
Some in great poverty did live ;  
Some had bereavements and much grief.
- 4 But now they suffer pain no more ;  
For they have reached their blessed abode ;  
In peace and quiet they now repose,  
E'er undisturbed by any foes.

ough tribulation they did come  
To their own fair and Heav'nly home ;  
Where no one ever heaves a sigh,  
And ne'er a tear flows from an eye.

- 6 Their sorrows are forever past ;  
Their peace and joy forever last ;  
They've gained the everlasting prize,  
And rest with Christ in Paradise.

13

(Tune—*Vienna*)

7s

- 1 Who are these arrayed in white  
Walking in resplendent light,  
Bearing palms of victory  
While they sing in joyful glee ?

- 2 These are they from sufferings great,  
Who have overcome by faith,  
Washed their robes in Jesus' blood,  
And made them so pure and white.
- 3 They got entrance into Heav'n  
Through the grace that Christ has giv'n,  
Robed in immortality,  
They praise Him eternally.
- 4 They eat of the Tree of Life,  
To which they alone have right ;  
From Life's river they take drink,  
Of past misery ne'er think.
- 5 They now walk the golden street,  
Where their loved ones they do greet ;  
They shall parting know no more,  
God fore'er they will adore.
- 6 They shall see the face Divine,  
Which on them forever shine,  
And dwell ever with the Lord,  
Praising Him with one accord.
- 

14

(Tune—*Eden*)

L. M.

- 1 You must indeed be born again,  
As did our blessed Saviour say ;  
And this He says to ev'ry one  
Who would for Heav'nly glory run.

- 2 Our human nature is corrupt  
Since the dread fall of man at first ;  
When Adam into sin did fall,  
We fell with him, mind, will, and all.
  - 3 Our hearts need to be made anew ;  
The Holy Spirit this will do :  
He alone can make a new heart,  
Clean and white in every part.
  - 4 Some try to patch old Adam up,  
That thus they may to Heaven get,  
Thinking that they'll work their own way,  
Without the Holy Spirit's aid.
  - 5 These will find out their sad mistake,  
When, alas ! alas ! 'tis too late ;  
For Heaven they did not prepare,  
And cannot get an entrance there.
- 

15

(Tune—*St. Peter*)

C. M.

- 1 O who are those around the throne,  
All clad in garments white,  
Upon each head a golden crown  
That shines with dazzling light ?
- 2 These represent the Church in Heav'n,  
Who have through troubles come ;  
God unto them rewards has giv'n  
In His own blissful home.

- 3 These al' were faithful unto death,  
And gave their hearts to God ;  
They were His witnesses on earth,  
That loved Him above all.
- 4 Shall we sit in that blessed throng,  
The nearest to the Lord,  
And praise Him with a joyful song  
In solemn, sweet accord ?
- 5 Yes, we shall conquer by His grace,  
And reach the shiny throne,  
And shall appear in garments white,  
And crowns of burnished gold.
- 

## 16

(Tune—*Coronation*)

C. M.

- 1 We praises give to Thee our God,  
Who did all things create ;  
The Heav'ns and earth by Thine own word  
Were all in wisdom made.
- 2 The sun Thou didst in beauty make,  
That fills the world with light ;  
The countless stars Thou didst create,  
That shine so bright by night.
- 3 Thou'st giv'n its glory to the sun ;  
It is from Thee derived ;  
Bestowed its beauty on the moon,  
As Thou Thyself desired.

4 Thou madest the sun to shine so bright,  
To guide us safe by day ;  
Gave to the moon its silv'ry light,  
By night to show our way.

5 Jesus ! be Thou Thyself our light,  
Lest we in darkness walk,  
That we may ever do aright  
And keep Thy holy law.

6 O beautify us with Thy grace  
Like to the Heav'nly orbs,  
That we may here be shining light  
As with Thy word accords.

---

17

(Tune—*Ellers*)

105

1 Can Jesus love a sinner such as me,  
Who am so full of sinful leprosy ?  
Can He who is pure without any sin  
Love me whose life and actions vile have been ?

2 Yes ! Jesus can love me, I bless His name,  
For sinners only came He here to save ;  
Yea : e'en for sinners of the scarlet dye,  
He gave Himself to suffer and to die.

3 'Twas love that moved Him from His throne above  
To endure the miseries of this life,  
And in our human nature did Him robe ;  
Where as a man He suffered ev'ry woe.

- 4 I know He loves a sinner such as me,  
Because He did Himself to me reveal,  
And took away the burden of my sin,  
And by His precious blood hath washed me clean.
- 5 Yes ! Jesus loves me, sinful though I be,  
For by His death He bought and set me free ;  
His blessed Spirit He to me has giv'n  
And put into my soul the peace of Heav'n.
- 

## 18

(Tune—*St. Francis*)

C. M.

- 1 There's no friend on earth like Jesus  
Who helps in ev'ry need,  
And who with us sympathizes  
And all our sorrows feel.
- 2 When us our trusted friends forsake,  
He then abides us near ;  
And when sore troubles overtake,  
He bends to us His ear.
- 3 His presence cheers me all the day ;  
He's always at my side ;  
And when my rest at night I take,  
I Jesus with me find.
- 4 When sore temptations me beset,  
He did me succor send ;  
When I was taken in the net,  
He did the meshes rend.

5 When pain and sickness laid me low,  
And none could me relieve,  
At once to Jesus I did go,  
And then He did me heal.

6 He will stay with me all my life,  
And keep me to the end ;  
And will my comfort be in death,  
O Jesus is my friend !

---

19

(Tune—*Coronation*)

C. M.

1 We praise Thee, Father, for Thy Son,  
Whom Thou didst send to earth ;  
We praise Thee for His mission—  
Our souls to save from death.

2 Thou hast Thy dear Son freely giv'n,  
To die for sinful men ;  
Gave the First Gift that was in Heav'n,  
To save our souls from hell.

3 And this Thy love didst clearly show  
Unto a fallen race,  
Who did not seek Thy ways to know,  
But sinned before Thy face.

4 May we therefore the Father love,  
E'en as we love the Son ;  
For He has dearly lovéd us,  
E'en as He loved His Son.

20

(Tune—*Ernan*)

L. M.

- 1 Once I lived content in my sin,  
And knew not corruption within ;  
Thought that I should live as I would,  
And walk in the ways of the world.
- 2 The joys of the world were so sweet,  
To unrenewed nature the meat ;  
'Twas so nice to have little fun,  
And laugh at what was said or done.
- 3 Serious thoughts now and then came,  
But, like early dew, passed away ;  
No good resolution would last ;  
In a few days they were all past.
- 4 At last came a word from the Lord,  
Which pierced my heart through like a sword ;  
I felt I was lost and undone,  
And that hell would soon be my home.
- 5 How sad I then felt to be lost,  
And dwell with the Satanic host ;  
And live in unquenchable flame,  
Blaspheming my Saviour's name.
- 6 Then Jesus took me all at once,  
Just as I at that moment was ;  
Clothed me with His own righteousness,  
Away took my tattered old dress.

7 All things then to me became new,  
Of all things I got a new view ;  
And am now happy ev'ry day,  
While walking in the narrow way.

8 Jesus will this, friend, for you do,  
If you wish to be made anew—  
Deliver you from all distress,  
And you'll His name forever bless.

---

21

(Tune—*Old Saxony*)

L. M.

1 On your ear a voice is falling ;  
'Tis your Saviour gently calling—  
Uncertain are thy days and few ;  
Be then ready when I call you.

2 Your body is but brittle clay,  
That soon must into dust decay ;  
Be then wise and keep this in view,  
And be ready when I call you.

3 Your life is but a brief, brief day,  
Prepare with me to come away ;  
A thousand ills your life pursue ;  
Then be ready when I call you.

4 In our pursuits we often fail,  
Whom we think friends, often forsake ;  
Death is one thing of which we're sure,  
Then be ready when I call you.

5 Worldly riches take to them wings,  
Uncertainty pervades all things ;  
The world is false and insecure ;  
Then be ready when I call you.

6 I am preparing you a place  
In the Heavenly mansions bright ;  
A home with the tried and the true,  
If you're ready when I call you.

---

22

(Tune—*St. Ann*)

C. M.

1 How blest Thy servants are, O Lord,  
Who're walking in Thy ways,  
Whose minds are on Thy holy Word,  
And study it always ;

2 Whose minds on Heav'nly things are set,  
And not on earthly things ;  
Whose souls with Heav'nly bread are fed,  
And drink from living springs ;

3 Who walk not in the ways of sin,  
But keep Thy holy law,  
Who with the Godless are not seen,  
Nor sit with them at all ;

4 Who make the Word of God their rule  
Of action and of faith ;  
And are to their convictions true  
In all they do and say.

5 There alone are the trees of God,  
Whose graces shall not fail,  
Who bring forth fruit and faileth not,  
Whate'er their trial or pain.

6 They are planted by Life's river,  
From whence they are refreshed,  
And their leaf shall never wither,  
For they're of Jesus blessed.

---

23

(Tune—*Cyprus*)

L. M.

1 There's a loud voice heard in Heaven,  
And due praise to God is given ;  
Their harps they strike to chords of love,  
Praising Him in the courts above.

2 This song none else can ever sing,  
But all those whom Christ did redeem ;  
And in their mouth was found no guile,  
And they themselves did not defile.

3 They were pure virgins from their birth,  
Not mixed with sinners on the earth ;  
They follow the Lamb where He goes,  
And were saved from eternal woes.

4 They are the first fruits to our God,  
And e'er rejoice before His throne ;  
They are the purchase of Christ's death,  
By which they got eternal life.

- 5 Of these are infants taken young,  
Who in the courts above do sing ;  
They are sweet blossoms from the earth,  
Transplanted to the courts above.
- 6 Weep not, parents, for your dear child,  
Who now enjoys a better clime,  
Rejoicing in his glorious home,  
Singing the song before the throne.
- 

## 24

(Tune—*Pentecost*)

L. M.

- 1 When Christ had risen from the grave,  
He to His loved disciples came,  
Where they were gathered in one place,  
Sorrowing and disconsolate.
- 2 Peace be unto you, He did say,  
My peace I give to you this day ;  
And this peace always is the same,  
And with us will fore'er remain.
- 3 Blest are they who this peace receive,  
For it will keep them e'er in peace ;  
They are not for their losses grieved,  
Like those who are of the world deceived.
- 4 O blest peace like dew from Heaven,  
On herbs that by drought are stricken,  
Causing them to revive anew,  
And fill the air with their perfume.

- 5 Thus, Lord, Thy peace my soul revives,  
Filling my heart with new desires,  
To serve Thee better in my life,  
And ever dwell with Thee above.
- 6 Sweet peace that binds me more to Christ,  
And makes me to this world sit light ;  
In ev'ry trial keeps me calm,  
And to the wounds of sin's a balm.
- 7 More of that peace I still crave,  
Which my dear Saviour one day gave,  
Until it all my soul pervade,  
And fill me with His love and praise.
- 

25

(Tune—*Hensley*)

L. M.

- 1 A great victory I must win  
O'er my corruption and my sin ;  
This victory I must achieve,  
Or ne'er the crown of life receive.
- 2 A victory o'er all the lusts,  
Which in my inward heart still lurks,  
Which all my nature have defiled,  
And oft the Holy Ghost defied.
- 3 These through grace I must overcome,  
Ere I gain my Heavenly home,  
And ere I get the crown of life,  
That is in Heav'n for me laid up.

- 4 These are o'ercome by grace alone,  
But with many a sigh and groan,  
And aching pain within the heart,  
Causing tears from the eyes to start.
- 5 Each little victory I win  
O'er the corruption still within  
Brings to my soul sweet joy and peace,  
Akin to that in Heaven is.
- 6 But when I yield to my vile lusts,  
My soul with poisoned darts it thrusts,  
Fills me with sorrow and with shame,  
And sinks me in the miry clay.
- 7 My fleshly lusts then I will strive  
By grace from Christ, to mortify,  
Until my victory's complete ;  
The old man prostrate at my feet.
- 8 Then will I sing and praise the Lord  
With love and peace and holy joy ;  
And when I join the Heav'nly throng  
This victory shall be my song.
- 9 My crown I'll cast at Jesus' feet,  
And shout, My victory's complete ;  
Glory be to the Lamb of God,  
Who's with the Father on the throne.
-

26

(Tune—*Weber*)

75

- 1 Sinners Jesus came to save ;  
Sinners He receives to-day ;  
Mercy's gate is open still,  
And they enter in who will.
- 2 Salvation is full and free,  
To vile sinners such as me ;  
And all such as feel their need,  
May come and be saved indeed.
- 3 In mercy is His delight,  
Though our sins be scarlet bright,  
They can, though as crimson red,  
Be cleansed by the blood He shed.
- 4 'Twas to save us Jesus died ;  
The Divine law satisfied ;  
Reconciliation made ;  
For our sin did expiate.
- 5 And now with God we have peace,  
For the enmity did cease ;  
Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ,  
Who died in our room and stead.

27

(Tune—*Artaxerxes*)

C. M.

- 1 How sweet the Rose of Sharon blows  
In this cold world of ours ;  
How beautiful its color shows  
In sunshine and in show'rs.

- 2 It sheds its perfume on the breeze,  
So healthful, rich and pure,  
O'er mountains, hills and dales and seas ;  
For nations sick a cure.
- 3 This rose is red and also white ;  
The sight delights my eyes ;  
Its colors clear and lovely bright ;  
Is all my soul desires.
- 4 This rose gives beauty to the vale  
Delightful to the view,  
Adds sweet aroma to the air  
Refreshing me anew.
- 5 Jesus is the Rose of Sharon  
To ev'ry living soul  
That was under condemnation,  
And felt the mighty load.
- 6 Jesus to my soul is fairer  
Than angels the most bright ;  
Jesus to my soul is dearer  
Than all upon the earth.
- 7 Jesus to my soul is the theme  
Throughout the day and night ;  
And to my vision is the scene  
That gives me all delight.
- 8 Christ's beauty I can ne'er declare,  
Words are inadequate ;  
And the sweet savor of His name  
My soul exhilarate.

28

(Tune—*Duke Street*)

L. M.

- 1 I have an advocate on high,  
Who pleads my cause above the sky ;  
Who intercedes within the throne,  
And makes my helpless cause His own.
- 2 Christ's advocacy e'er prevails,  
And ne'er in any case it fails ;  
For God is with *Him* satisfied,  
Who on the cross for sinners died.
- 3 Believers sometimes false steps take,  
And into sin are led away ;  
Like sheep that wander from the fold,  
Upon the mountains bare and cold.
- 4 Then life is bitterness and gall,  
Until on Jesus Christ they call ;  
Till to the Advocate apply,  
In bitter sorrow to Him cry.
- 5 'Tis possible for saints to sin,  
Although they born again have been ;  
Though they from death to life have passed,  
They're still with weaknesses compassed.
- 6 But Jesus has righteousness  
To cover all my sinfulness ;  
And make me stand before the throne  
Clad in His righteousness alone.

- 7 Christ the propitiation is  
For all those that by faith are His ;  
He the Father propitiates,  
And to us favorable makes.
- 8 I look to Him in sorrow deep,  
When for my sins I mourn and weep ;  
When within me my heart is pained,  
And of myself I am ashamed.
- 9 The Father will my peace restore,  
As it was in the days before ;  
And gives me sweet foretastes of Heav'n ;  
These through the Advocate are giv'n.

29

(Tune—*Soldau*)

L. M.

- 1 I saw my Saviour on the cross,  
When I in pain and trouble was ;  
Just then my burdens from me fell,  
I was set free from pains of hell.
- 2 Oh, 'twas to me a happy day  
When Jesus took my sins away ;  
I thought they ne'er would be forgiv'n  
And that I could ne'er enter Heav'n.
- 3 The sight of Jesus on the cross  
Removed my guilty fears at once ;  
From terrors I was then relieved,  
And from Sinai's thunders freed.

- 4 All the world seemed to me made new,  
As did the vault of Heaven blue ;  
So calmly sweet did all things seem,  
As I had ne'er before them seen.
- 5 Peace did through all my nature flow,  
Such as I ne'er before did know ;  
I was at peace now with my God ;  
It came through Jesus Christ my Lord.
- 6 I will forever praise His name,  
Who laid down His life for my sake ;  
Who died upon the accursed tree,  
To give eternal life to me.
- 7 I am happy because I'm saved,  
Nothing can make me now afraid ;  
There are no terrors now in death,  
For peace and joy have come instead.
- 

30

(Tune—*Evan*)

C. M.

- 1 There is a balm in Gilead  
For souls by sin distressed ;  
There is a balm in Gilead  
For those that are oppressed ;  
There is a balm in Gilead  
For souls that's seeking rest ;  
There is a balm in Gilead  
For those who sin confess.

- 2 Oh, Jesus is that healing balm  
To all who look to Him ;  
Oh, Jesus is that healing balm  
To all who hate their sin ;  
Oh, Jesus is a healing balm  
To all of Adam's race ;  
Oh, Jesus is the healing balm  
To all who seek His grace.
- 

31

(Tune—*Calabar*)

75

- 1 Fight thou the good fight of faith,  
As Paul the Apostle saith ;  
Now's the day and now the hour,  
Satan comes with all His power.
- 2 Ah ! stubborn will be the fight ;  
Face it then with all your might ;  
Christ the Lord will give you strength,  
And weapons of the very best.
- 3 In confidence draw your sword,  
Which of the Spirit is the word ;  
Strike it home with all your might,  
For its edge is keen and bright.
- 4 If the foe will strike you first,  
He will give you a bad thrust ;  
Perchance he may knock you down,  
Sorely beat you on the crown.

- 5 But if you strike him aright,  
He will at once take his flight ;  
The truth he can never bear,  
It gives him a dreadful scare.
- 6 In the fight don't turn your back,  
Or through you he'll send a dart ;  
Be firm and on your guard,  
And always moving forward.
- 7 Be a hero in the strife,  
And you'll conquer him all right ;  
Faith will always win at last,  
Though oft doubtful was the cast.
- 8 And when the good fight is won,  
And day of reward has come,  
You'll a crown of life rece've ;  
'Tis due to all that believ.
- 9 This crown is laid up in Heav'n,  
And in Judgment Day is giv'n  
To those Christ's appearing love,  
High, low, rich or poor, in life.

- 
- 1 Christ arose from the lonesome grave  
Ere it was yet the dawn of day ;  
His victory was then complete ;  
The pow'rs of hell He did defeat.

- 2 Women first at His grave were seen,  
Among them Mary Magdalene ;  
They spices and ointments did bring,  
His mangled body to anoint.
- 3 They sought a Saviour crucified,  
But found Him risen and revived ;  
They sought a Saviour who was dead,  
But found Him risen into life.
- 4 They saw Him hanging on the cross,  
Where nailed and pierced His body was ;  
They waited there until the last,  
Till all His agonies were past.
- 5 How now their joy can they contain,  
When they see Him alive again ?  
It was to them a glad surpris  
To see Him now with their own eyes.
- 6 To hear His loving voice so kind,  
Brought many things back to their mind ;  
Their lost hope is again revived,  
With joy and gladness they're surprised.
- 7 Christ is risen for you and me,  
If we only seek Him to see ;  
He surely will to us appear,  
And we His loving voice shall hear.
- 8 Oh, blesséd day when Jesus rose,  
Triumphant over all His foes ;  
To return never more to death,  
But to enjoy eternal life.

- 9 The blessed Saviour rose for me ;  
A pledge of resurrection He,  
To all who in His name believe,  
And persevering grace receive.
- 10 Oh, brightest day the Church has seen,  
When in great darkness she had been,  
When her faith was at lowest ebb,  
A sight of Christ revived it up.
- 

33

(Tune—*Kilmarnock*)

C. M.

- 1 Oh, enter in at the strait gate,  
'Tis Jesus calls to thee :  
For by and by 'twill be too late,  
The gate will closed be.
- 2 That gate is open now and free  
For all to enter in ;  
That gate is free for you and me,  
If we give up our sin.
- 3 No flaming sword that gate does guard,  
As it did Eden's tree ;  
All may enter without regard  
To what their sins may be.
- 4 The way is narrow ; blessed be God !  
His law does hedge it in  
And guards it well from dangers all,  
Which makes us safe within.

- 5 The narrow way is not blocked up,  
But open to the end ;  
And to all such as walk aright,  
God does rich blessings send.
- 6 The longer we are in this way,  
The better pleased we are ;  
We like it better ev'ry day,  
Whilst we are walking there.
- 7 The narrow way does end in bliss ;  
Bliss that can not be told ;  
That bliss alone in Heaven is,  
For travellers on this road.
- 8 The careless that gate will ne'er find ;  
They alway pass it by ;  
On other things fixed is their mind ;  
The gate they won't espy.
- 9 The ignorant this gate will pass,  
Not knowing what it is ;  
And perish will at last, alas !  
Because the gate they miss.
- 10 Many others disliked the way  
And quickly from it fled,  
And so they perish far away,  
As in God's Word 'tis said.
- 11 What then is that gate? you will say,  
That I may seek it now,  
That I may search without delay,  
Ere my heart harder grow.

12 The strait gate then conversion is,  
And that means a new heart ;  
The entrance, my friend, do not miss,  
Nor from the way depart.

13 The way to find is to repent,  
Give up the ways of sin ;  
Your heart on seeking Jesus set,  
And you will enter in.

---

34

(Tune—*Leuchars*)

6s P. M.

- 1 Of Jesus I will sing,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Who gave Himself for me,  
My lost soul to redeem.
- 2 Oh ! 'twas love, love Divine !  
Christ gave His life for mine ;  
He died on Calvary ;  
There gave Himself for me.
- 3 Christ shed His precious blood ;  
Himself He offered up ;  
He suffered painful death ;  
Died in my room and stead.
- 4 Oh, 'twas love, love Divine !  
Christ gave His life for mine ;  
He died on Calvary ;  
There gave Himself for me.

- 5 His body broken was  
Upon the painful cross,  
Where He did hang in pain  
Till evening of the day.
- 6 Oh, 'twas love, love Divine !  
Christ gave His life for mine ;  
He died on Calvary ;  
There gave Himself for me.
- 7 My tongue His love will tell,  
Who saved my soul from hell ;  
Saved me from burning flames  
And everlasting pains.
- 8 Oh, 'twas love, love Divine !  
Christ gave His life for mine ;  
He died on Calvary ;  
There gave Himself for me.
- 

## 35

(Tune—*Portuguese Hymn*)

L. M.

- 1 Jesus loved me ere time began,  
Ere God had said, Let Us make man ;  
Or ere He had the mountains made,  
Or earth's foundation stone had laid.
- 2 He loved me from my lowly birth,  
When first I drew my feeble breath ;  
He loved me on my mother's breast ;  
He loved me when I waked or slept.

- 3 He loved me from my mother's womb ;  
He'll love me in the darksome tomb ;  
He'll love me also when I'll die ;  
He'll love me in the Heavens high.
- 4 He loved me when an infant child ;  
He loved me in my boyhood wild,  
When thousand ills beset my way,  
And dangers came with ev'ry day.
- 5 Christ will love me in my old age,  
When hoary is my head and gray,  
When feeble is my step and slow,  
When furrowed is my cheek and brow.
- 6 Christ loves me even when I stray ;  
His love shall never know decay ;  
He loves me ever still the same ;  
Glory, glory unto His name !

36

(Tune—*Battishill*)

75

- 1 There is a Heavenly throng  
Singing a glorious song ;  
They are in Heaven above,  
Their hearts o'erflowing with love.
- 2 They sing by night and by day ;  
They sing forever and aye ;  
They sing of the Saviour's love ;  
They sing of His precious blood.

- 3 His love and blood is their theme  
In that place, pure and serene,  
Whilst the Lamb slain they adore  
Forever before the throne.
- 4 Christ's blood washed away their sin,  
Which can't now by God be seen,  
Raised them from a sinful state  
To all honors high and great.
- 5 We shall wear a diadem,  
When we're gathered home with them ;  
And shall reign above with Christ,  
Each to God a king and priest.

37

(Tune—*Fiducia*)

7s

- 1 *To Him that loved and washed us,  
To Him that loved and washed us,  
Be glory and dominion,  
Be glory and dominion.*
- 2 Glory be to Him for aye,  
That washed our vile sins away ;  
Glory be to Him to-day,  
Glory be to Him alway.
- 3 On earth let His praise be sung,  
Through the ages let it ring ;  
And through all the Heavens high,  
In the mansions of the sky.

- 4 And throughout eternity,  
Let His praise increasing be,  
Sounding like a mighty sea—  
Honor, glory, Christ, to Thee !
- 

38

(Tune—*Melancthon*)

L. M.

Luke vii. : 38-50

- 1 She wept sore at her Saviour's feet,  
While He sat in the house at meat ;  
Wept and kissed His feet o'er and o'er,  
Till her tears rolled down on the floor.
- 2 Her heart was pierced through for her sin ;  
Her pain was what it ne'er had been ;  
Her distress was almost despair,  
While she dried His feet with her hair.
- 3 And then she anointed His feet  
With ointment costly and sweet ;  
Her love to Jesus thus was seen,  
Though a great sinner she had been.
- 4 Sweet accents then fell on her ear,  
And joy took the place of her fear ;  
Christ said her sins are forgiven,  
And there she is made an heir of Heav'n.
- 5 Her burdens at His feet were left ;  
'Twas there her galling chains were cleft ;  
'Twas there her soul found sweet repose ;  
There a new creature she arose.

- 6 She arose from that humble place  
Feeling her conscience pure and light ;  
Her heart aflame with Heav'nly love,  
Erect and free she there stood up.
- 7 Like a river then came her peace,  
Gladness and joy that never cease ;  
Calmly she looks to Heav'n above,  
And songs of praises there sends up.
- 8 Praise Him, my soul, forever praise,  
Whose word the fallen down doth raise,  
Bearing them life upon its wing,  
Causing the sorrowful to sing.
- 

- 1 Jesus died on Calvary ;  
How precious His death to me ;  
There my pardon He did seal,  
And Himself to me reveal.
- 2 On the cross I saw Him first,  
Where He suffered pain and thirst,  
Dying in my room and stead,  
Crown of thorns upon His head.
- 3 There at first I got the light,  
When the Spirit gave me sight ;  
Till then I had walked in night,  
Where I sadly perish might.

- 4 There at first my soul got ease,  
And a taste of Heav'nly peace ;  
There I got my Heav'nly hope  
When mine eyes at first were ope.
- 5 There come with thy burden now  
Ere your heart will harder grow  
There you will get pardon free,  
And you'll happy be like me.
- 6 Then you will Christ glorify,  
Who did justice satisfy ;  
Where He shed His precious blood,  
There you'll get eternal life.
- 

40

(Tune—*Wareham*)

L. M.

- 1 Why should I love this world of sin ?  
Where Jesus crucified has been,  
Where He did suffer grief and shame,  
Was called the Nazarene by name.
- 2 He was rejected here of men,  
Who did Him unto death condemn ;  
The Jews did on Him spit and frown ;  
The Gentiles gave a thorny crown.
- 3 Here many saints were put to death,  
Who were the noblest on the earth ;  
Many of them burned at the stake,  
Their persecutors' rage to slake.

- 4 My heart I'll set on things above,  
Where Jesus has ascended up ;  
That home of purity and love,  
Where He now dwells in glory bright.
- 5 To this world I'll give second thought,  
That I be to its glories lost,  
That I be to it crucified,  
And never with it satisfied.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, to bid adieu  
To things which here I only view,  
Things which so quickly pass away,  
And never will with any stay.
- 7 Prepare me for the Heav'nly land,  
Where all in living glories stand,  
Where fragrant flowers in beauty grow,  
Which ne'er decay or change shall know.
- 8 There balmy breezes ever blow,  
And streams of life forever flow ;  
There praises shall our tongues employ,  
And hearts be full of love and joy.
- 

41

(Tune—*Canon*)

L. M.

- 1 God loved us ere the world He made,  
And ere the starry Heavens framed,  
Ere sun had its glorious birth,  
Or moon appeared above the earth.

- 2 Ere did the sons of morning sing,  
Or ether's touched with angel's wing,  
God loved us with a perfect love ;  
Unchanged remains that love to us.
- 3 That love's revealed in Jesus Christ,  
Whom God the Father gave for us ;  
He so the world loved as to give  
His Son that we through Him might live.
- 4 Christ here did suffer misery,  
And died on the accurséd tree ;  
He there from guilt my soul set free,  
And proved the love Divine to me.
- 5 'Twas love to spare me here so long,  
When walking in the way that's wrong ;  
Where I broke all His holy laws,  
And evil did unto His cause.
- 6 'Twas love when He my soul did save,  
And unto me salvation gave ;  
From Satan's grasp my soul set free,  
And tastes of Heaven gave to me.
- 

42

(Tune—*Holly*)

L. M.

- 1 I love the covenant of grace,  
With no conditions on its face ;  
Its language is simple, plain and clear,  
And falls so sweetly on mine ear.

- 2 This is the cov'nant Christ has made  
With us now in the gospel age ;  
A covenant of love and peace,  
And blessings that shall never cease.
- 3 His law He puts into our minds,  
And there it lodgment ever finds ;  
He writes it also in our hearts,  
From which it never more departs.
- 4 The Lord is to His people God,  
And they His people, each and all ;  
They all Him in their hearts adore,  
And sing His praises ever more.
- 5 What glorious relationship !  
'Tis God Himself discovered this,  
And gives to us all needed grace,  
Whilst we are in the Christian race.
- 6 We have the knowledge of the Lord,  
The blest instructions of His word ;  
And the wayfaring man may read  
What God has promised in this deed.
- 7 He will be merciful to men,  
Removes unrighteousness from them ;  
Their sins He will remember not,  
For they are all by Him forgot.
- 8 Iniquities He puts away,  
And they can ne'er before Him stay ;  
His people stand before Him pure,  
And their salvation now is sure.

- 9 These blessings those that now believe  
In Jesus Christ our Lord receive ;  
They have His favor full and free,  
And soon His glory they shall see.
- 10 Praise Him who the new cov'nant made,  
And gave our lot in gospel age ;  
Praise Him whose goodness is so great ;  
The Lord with all my heart I'll praise.
- 

43

(Tune—*Commandment*)

L. M.

- 1 We hail Thy coming, Saviour dear !  
Until Thou come all things are drear ;  
This world is to Thy loved ones cold,  
As it was to Thyself ten-fold.
- 2 Injustice in this world obtains,  
And Thy saints often suffer pains ;  
They oft are in this world oppressed,  
By poverty and want distressed.
- 3 But when we'll see Thee on Thy throne,  
Before Thee gathered ev'ry one,  
We'll shout and praise Thee with our voice,  
With acclamations loud rejoice.
- 4 Then the oppressor's sway is o'er,  
And poverty is felt no more ;  
Thy saints' best day at last is come ;  
They'll glory, glory ev'ry one.

- 5 The wicked then will loudly wail,  
'Twill be to them a woful day ;  
The rejected Saviour is come,  
And they'll receive as they have done.
- 6 Christ is arrayed in glory bright,  
Surpassing glorious is the sight ;  
Ten thousand angels 'round His throne,  
Waiting His mandate ev'ry one.
- 7 Glorious ! glorious ! the day  
When we'll go home with Christ to stay ;  
To reign with Him above the sky,  
Where we will sorrow not nor sigh.
- 

44

(Tune—*Ely*)

L. M.

- 1 Gethsemane ! Gethsemane !  
Where Jesus wept in agony ;  
Gethsemane ! Gethsemane !  
Where Jesus wept in agony.
- 2 Oh, sad and dark Gethsemane !  
Who can but sadly think of thee ?  
Where Jesus wept alone in blood,  
While prayer to God He offered up.
- 3 When powers of darkness gathered 'round,  
Our Saviour grief and trouble found ;  
He who on earth did ev'ry good,  
In sorrow and amazement stood.

- 4 Christ found no human sympathy ;  
Not one to keep Him company ;  
E'en the beloved disciple slept,  
And all alone was Jesus left.
- 5 The night portends an awful day,  
Which does the Father's wrath presage ;  
Of light there's not to Christ a ray,  
Nor one a loving word to say.
- 6 The cup of suffering cannot pass ;  
He must drink all up to the last.  
Father, Thy will be done, He said ;  
Not Mine but Thine be done, He said.
- 7 With human nature struggle was,  
On His way to Calvary's cross ;  
He foretaste of His sufferings had ;  
But firm He stood, though sore and sad.
- 8 An angel then from Heav'n appeared ;  
The Saviour strengthened is and cheered ;  
An angel from the throne above,  
A token of the Father's love.
- 9 Oh, dark and ominous the night,  
When pow'rs of darkness all are set  
Against the Saviour to attack,  
When man has done his shameful act.
- 10 Thy gentle slopes I would not see,  
O Garden of Gethsemane !  
Let pall of darkness rest on thee,  
Where Jesus was in misery !

- 11 Nor pleasant flower take from thee,  
Nor care for stately olive tree ;  
But far from thee away would flee,  
Sad Garden of Gethsemane !
- 12 Gethsemane ! Gethsemane !  
Where Jesus wept in agony ;  
Gethsemane ! Gethsemane !  
Where Jesus wept in agony.
- 

45

(Tune—*Wells*)

L. M.

- 1 There are Heavenly mansions fair  
Waiting believers over there ;  
The house of many mansions stand  
Ready in Emanuel's Land.
- 2 There's a place for many o'er there,  
Who now are careful to prepare ;  
The careless cannot enter in,  
Who in their time have Godless been.
- 3 Christ has gone to prepare a place  
For such as here receive His grace ;  
At the last day He'll come again  
To take His own beloved there.
- 4 We shall be happy over there,  
Where there is neither toil nor care,  
Where there is never any night,  
Where shines the sun forever bright.

- 5 'Tis there the weary will repose,  
Free from the fear of all their foes ;  
The cares of earth fore'er are past,  
The joys of Heav'n forever last.
- 

46

(Tune—*Broughton*)

6s D.

- 1 Jesus, my life is Thine,  
To raise and beautify ;  
O make it then like Thine,  
Perfectly pure and high.  
Sin, Lord, has made me foul ;  
Corruption is within ;  
Lusts still are in my soul,  
And low desires of sin.
- 2 Conversion did take place,  
Lord, blesséd be Thy name !  
But I am sinful yet,  
Which me oft fills with shame.  
I fain would perfect be,  
But how this to attain ?  
The pow'r is not in me,  
All my best efforts fail.
- 3 I look, then, Lord, to Thee :  
O make me pure within ;  
Make me what I should be—  
Perfectly pure and clean.

Purge, Lord, away the sin  
That in my heart still hide ;  
I will be pure within  
When Thou wilt sanctify.

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47

(Tune—*Heidelberg*)

7, 6, 7, 6.

- 1 By faith we look to Jesus  
Upon Mount Calvary ;  
There bleeding, dying for us,  
In pain and agony.
- 2 By faith we look to Jesus  
Upon His throne above ;  
Where He is pleading for us  
The merits of His death.
- 3 By faith, when we are weary,  
Renewed strength we get ;  
When our mind is uneasy,  
We look to Jesus up.
- 4 By faith we get foretastes of Heav'n,  
That land of perfect love ;  
Its beauties, though dimly seen,  
Still beckon us above.
- 5 Faith will us support in death,  
When comes the final hour ;  
When we draw our latest breath,  
Faith will supply new pow'r.

48

(Tune—*Martyrdom*)

C. M.

Micah 6 : 8.

- 1 What God requireth, man, of thee,  
Is always to be just ;  
In all transactions, honesty  
The Lord requireth first.
- 2 The thief shall not inherit Heav'n,  
Nor yet the greedy man,  
Nor such as are to robbery giv'n,  
And cheat whene'er they can ;
- 3 And then that you should mercy love,  
This is the second thing ;  
And to do good that you should live,  
And joy to others bring.
- 4 The merciful are blessed of God,  
They mercy shall obtain ;  
But all the wicked are abhorred,  
Who mercy did restrain.
- 5 You must walk humbly with your God,  
If you would Heaven see ;  
This He requireth in His Word—  
That you should humble be.
- 6 To walk with God is Him to please,  
And do His holy will ;  
From all the ways of folly cease,  
And so your course fulfil.

- 7 The proud God knoweth far away ;  
They'll perish in their sin ;  
And shall be, in the judgment day,  
Sent far away from Him.
- 

49

(Tune—*Martyrdom*)

C. M.

- 1 Repent ye who would saved be,  
Ere mercy's day goes by ;  
Repent, and you will glory see,  
In mansions of the sky.
- 2 Now mercy is prepared for all  
Who do for mercy seek ;  
To such as will on Jesus call  
He will with favor speak.
- 3 Salvation full may now be found  
By all who will repent,  
Who hear the joyful gospel sound  
And to its terms consent.
- 4 The chief of sinners Christ received,  
Who for salvation came ;  
Apply, and you won't be deceived,  
He'll take you just the same.
- 5 Hear warning's voice ere 'tis too late  
And mercy's day is o'er ;  
For when once closed is mercy's gate  
It opens never more.

50

(Tune—*Retreat*)

L. M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, fill each heart  
Ere we from this place here depart ;  
Cause the seed sown to take deep root,  
Spring upward and bring forth good fruit.
  - 2 Let not Satan take the seed sown,  
While we're returning to our home ;  
Be with us, Jesus, in the way,  
And cause our minds on Thee to stay.
  - 3 May we consider Jesus Christ  
In all the fulness of His love ;  
And all that He has done for us,  
Both in His life and in His death.
  - 4 May He in love to us draw near,  
And we His loving voice do hear,  
And our hearts burn in us with love,  
As He reveals Himself to us.
- 

51

(Tune—*French*)

C. M.

- 1 The day is passed away and gone,  
The shades of night have come,  
And now Thy service, Lord, we close  
And part to seek our home.
- 2 O Heavenly Father, bless us  
Ere we from here depart ;  
Fill us with joy and peace and love,  
And make us of one heart.

- 3 Our footsteps all do Thou direct,  
Be with us in the way ;  
From ev'ry evil us protect,  
And then we shall be safe.
- 4 In the darkness be to us light,  
And we shall never stray ;  
In all our weakness be our strength,  
And we shall never fail.
- 5 Abide with us, Lord, where we stay ;  
A love we bear to Thee ;  
O never leave us nor forsake,  
And we shall happy be.
- 

52

(Tune—*Irish*)

C. M.

- 1 O God of Jacob, do us bless  
Ere we from here retire ;  
And with Thy Spirit us refresh,  
For this we much desire.
- 2 Thy presence do not us deny,  
Hear Thou the songs we sing ;  
Accept our evening sacrifice,  
O Lord, our God and King.
- 3 Be with us in the way we go,  
Keep us in dangers all,  
And bring us safely to our home,  
For on Thy name we call.

- 4 Lead us not into temptation,  
But keep us, Lord, in peace ;  
Bless Thou our habitation,  
And we'll Thee praises give.
- 

## Doxologies

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53

(Tune—*Old Hundred*)

L. M.

We bless and praise Thy holy name,  
Who through this service kept us safe ;  
Seal now instruction on each heart,  
And bid us, Lord, in peace depart.

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54

(Tune—*Peterborough*)

C. M.

To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be praise, dominion and glory,  
Now and forever more.

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55

(Tune—*Doversdale*)

L. M.

Glory, everlasting glory,  
And dominion, and majesty,  
Be to the Father and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, three in one.

56

(Tune—*Jackson*)

C. M.

Heavn'ly Father, richly bless us  
Ere we go on our ways ;  
Increase our faith, our hope and love,  
And we'll Thee ever praise.

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57

(Tune—*Morven*)

C. M.

We raise our voice to Thee in praise,  
Our Saviour and our God,  
And magnify Thy holy name  
In solemn, sweet accord.

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Let Heav'n and earth be filled with praise  
To our exalted King,  
And ev'ry creature that He made  
His crowning anthem sing.

---

58

(Tune—*Old Hundred*)

L. M.

All praise and glory be to God  
For all the mercies we enjoy ;  
Praise Him all creatures that He made ;  
The Father, Son, and Spirit praise.

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59

(Tune—*Soldan*)

L. M.

We now appear before Thee, Lord,  
And joyfully we sing our song—  
Glory to Father and to Son  
And Holy Spirit, three in one.

Meet with us, Saviour, in this place,  
Revive in us Thy work of grace,  
And fill each heart with love Divine,  
And praise and glory shall be Thine.

---

60

(Tune—*Coronation*)

C. M.

We praise and bless Jehovah's name,  
Who us all blessings sends ;  
His holy name we'll ever praise,  
Whose mercy never ends.

Lasting as his bright throne above  
Which never, never moves,  
To us is His unchanging love,  
Which ne'er from us removes.

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61

(Tune—*Devizes*)

C. M.

Heavn'ly Father, be thou with us,  
As we go on our way ;  
Keep us from ev'ry snare and vice,  
For unto Thee we pray.

Helpless we are without Thee, Lord ;  
Our safety comes from Thee ;  
O, timely help to us afford  
When times of trouble be.

62

(Tune—*Antarctica*)

C. M.

O Lord of life, be Thou with us,  
As we go on our ways;  
Keep us from dangers, sin, and vice,  
And we'll Thee ever praise.



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